

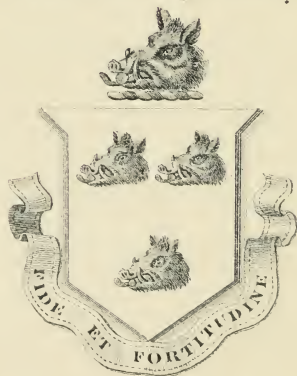
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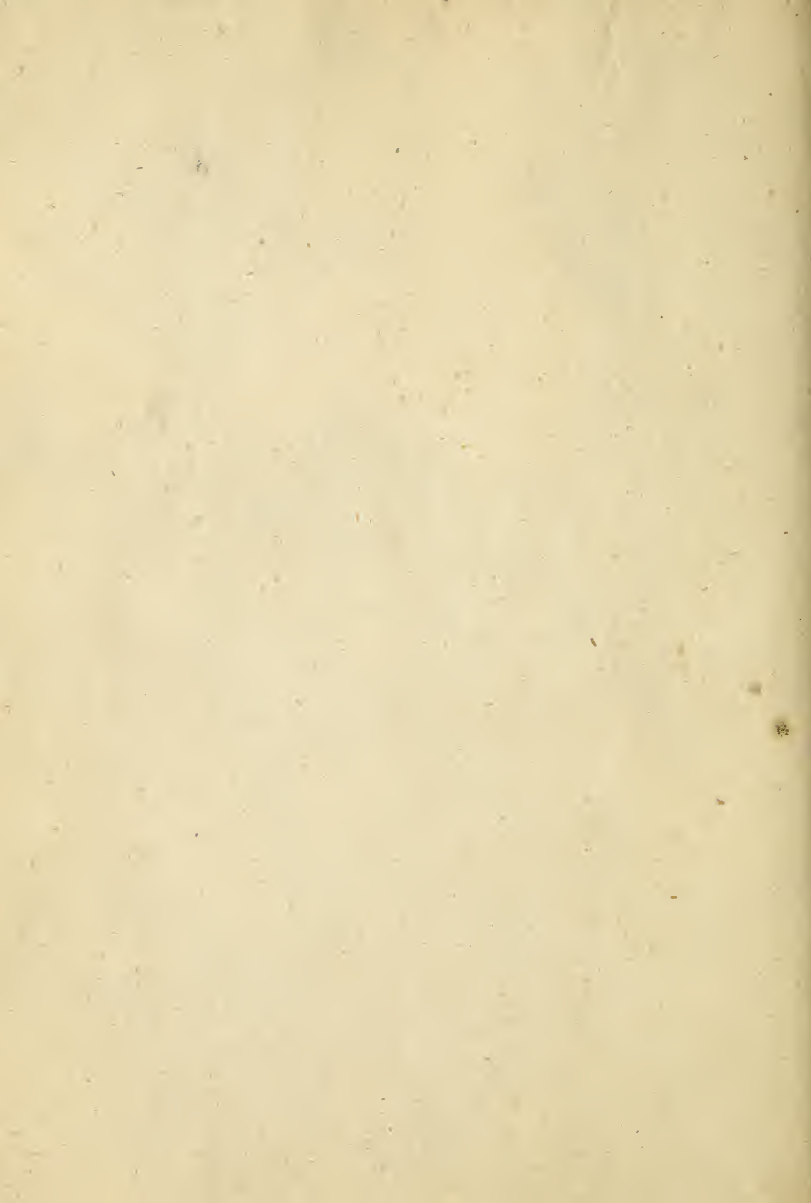




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# THE KNIGHT

Of the  
BURNING  
PESTLE.

Full of Mirth and Delight.

---

Written by { Francis Beaumont,  
and } Gent.  
{ John Fletcher.

---

As it is now acted by her Majesties Servants  
at the Private house in *Drury lane*.

1635.

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————— *Quod si*  
*Indicium subtile, videndis artibus illud*  
*Ad libros & adhæc Musarum dona vocares :*  
*Bæotum in crasso jurares aëre natum.*  
Horat. in Epist. ad Oct. Aug.

---

LONDON:  
Printed by N. O. for I. S. 1635.

THEORY

OF THE

ARTS

AND

MANUFACTURES

OF THE

WEST INDIES

AND

OF THE





## To the Readers of this Comedy.



*Gentlemen*, the World is so nice in these our times, that for Apparell there is no fashion : For Musicke which is a rare Arte, (rhough now slighted) no Instrument ; for Dyet, none but the *French* Kickshoes that are delicate ; and for Playes, no invention but that which now runneth an invective way, touching some particular persons, or else it is contemned before it is thoroughly understood. This is all that I have to say, that the Author had no intent to wrong any one in this *Comedy*, but as a merry passage, here and there interlaced it with delight, which he hopes will please all, and be hurtfull to none.



## THE PROLOGVE.

**W**Here the Bee can sucke no Honey, shee leaves her sting behind ; and where the Beare cannot finde Origanum to heale his grieve, hee blasteth all other leaves with his breath. We feare it is like to fare so with us ; that seeing you cannot draw from our labours sweet content, you leave behind you a sower mislike, and with open reproach blame our good meaning, because you cannot reape the wonted mirth. Our intent was at this time to move inward delight, nor outward lightnesse ; and to breed (if it might be) soft smiling, not loud laughing : knowing it (to the wise) to be a great pleasure, to heare Counsell mixed with Wit, as to the foolish to have sport mingled with rudenesse. They were banished the Theater of Athens, and from Rome hissed that brought Parasites on the Stage with apish actions, or fooles with uncivill habits, or Courtezans with immodest words. We have endeavoured to bee as farre from unseemly speeches,

## The Prologue.

*speeches to make your eares glow, as wee hope you will be free from unkind reports, or mistaking the Authors intention (who never aymed at any one particular in this Play,) to make our cheeks blush. And thus I leave it, and thee to thine owne censure, to like, or dislike. Vale.*

---

THE

---



## *The Speakers Names.*

---

The Prologue.

Then a Cittizen.

The Citizens wife, and  
*Raph* her man, sitting be-  
low amidst the Specta-  
tors.

A rich Marchant.

*Iasper* his Apprentise.

Master *Humphry*, a friend  
to the Marchant.

*Luce* Marchants daughter

Mistresse *Merry-thought*,

*Iaspers* mother.

*Michael*, a second sonne

of Mistresse *Merri-  
thought*.

Old M. *Merry-thought*.

A Squire.

A Dwarfse.

A Tapster.

A Boy that danceth  
and singeth.

A n Host.

A Barber.

Two Knights.

A Captaine.

A Sergeant.

Souldiers.







THE  
FAMOUS HISTORY OF THE  
Knight of the burning  
PESTLE.

*Enter PROLOGUE.*

**F**rom all that's neere the Court, from all that's great  
Within the compasse of the City-walls  
We now have brought our Scene.

*Enter Citizen.*

*Cit.* Hold your peace good-man boy,

*Pro.* What doe you mean sir?

*Cit.* That you have no good meaning: This seven yeeres there  
hath been Playes at this house, I have observed it, you have still  
girds at Citizens; and now you call your Play, *The London Mer-*  
*chant.* Down with your Title Boy, down with your Title.

*Pro.* Are you a member of the noble City?

*Cit.* I am.

*Pro.* And a Free-man?

*Cit.* Yea, and a Grocer.

*Pro.* So Grocer, then by your sweet favour, we intend no abuse  
to the Citie.

*Cit.* No sir, yes sir, if you were not resolv'd to play the Jacks,  
what need you study for new subjects, purposely to abuse your  
betters? why could not you be contented, as well as others,  
with the Legend of *Whittington*, or the life and death of sir *Tho-*  
*mas Gresham*? with the building of the Royall Exchange? or

*The Knight of the burning Pestle.*

the storie of Queen *Elenor*, with the rearing of *London-bridge* upon Wooll-sacks?

*Pro.* You seem to be an understanding man : what would you have us do sir ?

*Cit.* Why present something notably in honour of the Commons of the Citie.

*Pro.* Why, what do you say to the life and death of fat *Drake*, or the repairing of Fleet-privies?

*Cit.* I do not like that, but I will have a Citizen, and hee shall be of my own Trade.

*Pro.* Oh you should have told us your minde a moneth since, our play is ready to begin now.

*Cit.* Tis all one for that, I will have a Grocer, and he shall do admirable things.

*Pro.* What will you have him do?

*Cit.* Marry I will have him ———

*Wife.* Husband, husband,

*Wife below.*

*Rafe.* Peace Mistris.

*Rafe below.*

*Wife.* Hold thy peace *Rafe*, I know what I do, I warrant yee. Husband, husband.

*Cit.* What say'st thou *Connie*?

*Wife.* Let him kill a Lion with a Pestle husband, let him kill a Lion with a Pestle.

*Cit.* So he shall, I'll have him kill a Lion with a Pestle.

*Wife.* Husband, shall I come up husband?

*Cit.* I *Connie*. *Rafe*, help your Mistris this way : pray Gentlemen make her a little room, I pray you sir lend me your hand to help up my wife: I thank you sir. So.

*Wife.* By your leave Gentlemen all, I'me something troublesome, I'me a stranger here, I was nere at one of these Playes as they say, before; but I should have seen *Iane Shore* once, and my husband hath promised me any time this twelve moneth, to carrie me to the *Bold Beauchams*, but in truth he did not; I pray you beare with me.

*Cit.* Boy, let my wife and I have a couple of stools, and then begin, and let the Grocer do rare things.

*Pro.* But sir, wee have never a boy to play him, every one hath a part already.

*Wife.*



*The Knight of the burning Pestle.*

*Wife.* Husband, husband, for Gods sake let *Rafe* play him, beshrew mee if I doe not thinke hee will goe beyond them all.

*Cit.* Well remembred wife, come up *Rafe*, Ile tell you Gentlemen, let them but lend him a suite of reparaill, and necessities, and by Gad, if any of them all blow winde in the taile on him, I'le be hang'd.

*Wife.* I pray you youth let him have a suite of reparaill, I'le be sworn Gentlemen my husband tels you true, hee will act you sometimes at our house, that all the neighbours cry out on him: he will fetch you up a couraging part so in the Garret, that wee are all as feard I warrant you, that wee quake again: wee'l feare our children with him if they be never so unruly, do but cry, *Raf comes, Rafe comes* to them, and they'l be as quiet as Lambs. Hold up thy head *Rafe*, shew the Gentlemen what thou canst doe, speake a huffing part, I warrant you the Gentlemen will accept of it.

*Cit.* Do *Rafe*, do.

*Rafe.* By heaven (methinks) it were an easie leape  
To pluck bright honour from the pale-fac'd Moon,  
Or dive into the bottome of the Sea,  
Where never fathome line toucht any ground,  
And pluck up drowned honour from the lake of Hell.

*Cit.* How say you Gentlemen, is it not as I told you?

*Wife.* Nay Gentlemen, he hath playd before, my husband says, *Musidorus* before the Wardens of our Company.

*Cit.* I, and hee should have playd *Ieronimo* with a shoemaker for a wager.

*Pro.* He shall have a suite of apparell if he will go in.

*Cit.* In *Rafe*, in *Rafe*, and set out the Grocery in their kinde, if thou lov'st me.

*Wife.* I warrant our *Rafe* will looke finely when hee's drest.

*Pro.* But what will you have it call'd?

*Cit.* *The Grocers honour.*

*Pro.* Mee thinkes, *The Knight of the burning Pestle* were better.

*The Knight of the burning Pestle.*

*Wife* He be sworn husband, that's as good a name as can be.

*Cit.* Let it be so, begin, begin; my wife and I will sit down.

*Pro.* I pray you do.

*Cit.* What stately Musick have you? you have shawnes.

*Pro.* Shawns? no.

*Cit.* No? I'me a thiefe if my minde did not give mee so. *Rafe* playes a stately part, and he must needs have shawnes: I'll be at the charge of them my self, rather then wee'l be without them.

*Pro.* So you are like to be.

*Cit.* Why and so I will be: there's two shillings, let's have the Waits of South-warke, they are as rare fellows as any are in *England*; and that will fetch them all o're the water with a vengeance, as if they were mad.

*Pro.* You shall have them: will you sit down then?

*Cit.* I, come wife.

*Wife.* Sit you merry all Gentlemen, I'me bold to sit amongst you for my ease.

*Pro.* From all that's neere the Court, from all that's great.  
Within the compasse of the City-walls,  
We now have brought our Scene: flie farre from hence.  
All private taxes, immodest phrases,  
What ere may but shew like vicious:  
For wicked mirth never true pleasure brings,  
But honest minds are pleas'd with honest things.  
Thus much for that we do: but for *Rafe's* part  
You must answer for your selfe.

*Cit.* Take you no care for *Rafe*, hee'l discharge himself I warrant you.

*Wife.* I faith Gentlemen, I'll give my word for *Rafe*.

Actus primus, Scœna prima.

*Enter Merchant, and Jasper his Man.*

*Merch.* Sirrah, I'll make you know you are my Prentice,  
And whom my chariable love redeem'd  
Even from the fall of fortune; gave thee heat

And



*The Knight of the burning Pestle.*

And growth, to be what now thou art, new cast thee,  
Adding the trust of all I have at home,  
In forren Staples, or upon the Sea  
To thy direction, t'ide the good opinions  
Both of my selfe and friends to thy endeavours,  
So faire were thy beginnings; but with these  
As I remember you had never charge,  
To love your Masters daughter, and even then,  
When I had found a wealthy husband for her,  
Itake it, sir, you had not : but how ever,  
I'll break the neck of that Commission,  
And make you know you are but a Merchants Factor.

*Iasp.* Sir, I do liberally confesse I am yours,  
Bound both by love and duty to your service;  
In which, my labour hath been all my profit;  
I have not lost in bargain, nor delighted  
To weare your honest gains upon my back,  
Nor have I given a pension to my bloud.  
Or lavishly in play consum'd your stock.  
These, and the miseries that do attend them,  
I dare with innocence, proclaim are strangers  
To all my temperate actions; for your daughter,  
If there be any love to my deservings,  
Born by her vertuous self, I cannot stop it :  
Nor am I able to refrain her wishes.  
She's private to her self and best of knowledge,  
Whom she'll make so happy as to sigh for.  
Besides I cannot think you mean to match her,  
Unto a fellow of so lame a presence,  
One that hath little left of *Nature* in him.

*Merc.* Tis very well sir, I can tell your wisdom  
How all this shall be cur'd. *Iasp.* Your care becomes you.

*Merc.* And thus it shall be sir, I here discharge you,  
My house, and service, take your libertie,  
And when I want a sonne I'll send for you.

*Exit.*

*Iasp.* These be the faire rewards of them that love;  
O you that live in freedome never prove

*The Knight of the burning Pestle.*

The travell of a minde led by desire. *Enter Luce.*

*Luce.* Why how now friend, struck with my fathers thunder?

*Iasp.* Struck, and struck dead, unlesse the remedy  
Be full of speed and vertue; I am now,  
What I expected long, no more your fathers.

*Luce.* But mine. *Iasp.* But yours, and only yours I am,  
That's all I have to keep me from the statute :

You dare be constant still? *Luce.* O feare me not.

In this I dare be better then a woman.

Nor shall his anger, nor his offers move me,

Were they both equall to a Princes power.

*Iasp.* You know my Rivall? *Luce.* Yes, and love him dearly,  
Even as I love an ague, or foule weather,

I prethee *Iasper* feare him not. *Iasp.* O no,

I do not mean to do him so much kindnesse,

But to our own desires you know the plot

We both agreed on. *Luce.* Yes, and will performe

My part exactly. *Iasp.* I desire no more,

Farewell, and keep my heart, tis yours. *Luce.* I take it,

He must do miracles makes me forsake it. *Exeunt.*

*Cit.* Fic upon 'em litle infidels, what a matters here now?  
well, i'le be hang'd for a half-peny, if there be not some abomi-  
nation knavery in this Play, well let 'em look to't, *Rafe* must  
come, and if there be any tricks a brewing ———

*Wife.* Let 'em brew and bake too husband, a Gods name, *Rafe*  
will finde all out I warrant you, and they were older then they  
are. I pray my pretty youth, is *Rafe* ready?

*Boy.* He will be presently.

*Wife.* Now I pray you make my commendations unto him, and  
withall carry him this stick of Licoras, tell him his Mistris sent  
it him, and bid him bite a piece, 'twill open his pipes the bet-  
ter, say.

*Enter Merchant, and Master Humphery.*

*Mer.* Come sir, she's yours, upon my faith she's yours,  
You have my hand, for other idle lets  
Between your hopes and her, thus, with a winde  
They are scattered, and no more; my wanton Prentice,

That



*The Knight of the burning Pestle.*

That like a bladder, blew himselfe with love,  
I have let out, and sent him to discover  
New masters yet unknown. *Hum.* I thank you sir,  
Indeed I thank you sir, and ere I stir,  
It shall be known how ever you do deem,  
I am of gentle blood, and gentle seeme.

*Mer.* O sir, I know it certain. *Hum.* Sir, my friend,  
Although as Writers say, all things have end,  
And that we call a Pudding, hath his two  
O let it not seem strange I pray to you,  
If in this bloudie simile, I put  
My love, more endlesse, then frail things or gut.

*Wife.* Husband I prethee sweet lambe tell mee one thing, but  
tell me truly : stay youths I beseech you , till I question my hus-  
band. *Cit.* What is it Mause ?

*Wife.* Sirrah , didst thou ever see a prettier child ? how it be-  
haves it selfe, I warrant yee: and speaks and looks , and pearts up  
the head ? I pray you brother with your favour, were you never  
none of M. *Moncasters* Scholers ?

*Cit.* Chickin, I prethee heartily contain thy selfe ; the childer  
are prettie childer, but when *Rafe* comes, Lambe.

*Wife.* I when *Rafe* comes, Connie ; well my youth you may

*Mar.* Well sir, you know my love, and rest, I hope (proceed  
Assur'd of my consent; get but my daughters;  
And wed her when you please : you must be bold;  
And clap in close nnto her, come, I know  
You have language good enough to winne a wench.

*Wife.* A whoresonne tyrant hath beene an old stringer in his  
dayes, I warrant him. *Hum.* I take your gentle offer, and withall  
Yield love again for love recipocall. *Enter Luce.*

*Mar.* What *Luce*, within there. *Lu.* Cal'd you sir ? *Mer.* I did  
Give entertainment to this Gentleman,  
And see you be not froward to her sir ;  
My presence will but be an eye-soare to you. *Exit.*

*Hum.* Faire Mistris *Luce*, how do you, are you well ?  
Give me your hand, and then I pray you tell,  
How doth your little sister, and your brother ?

And

*The Knight of the burning Pestle.*

And whether you love me or any other.

*Luce.* Sir, these are quickly answered. *Humf.* So they are,  
Where women are not cruell: but how far  
Is it now distant from the place we are in,  
Unto that blessed place your fathers warren.

*Luce.* What makes you think of that sir?

*Hum.* Even that face,

For stealing Rabbits whilome in that place,  
God *Cupid*, or the Keeper, I know not whether,  
Unto my cost and charges brought you thither,  
And there began. *Luce.* Your game sir. *Hum.* Let no game  
Or any thing that tendeth to the same,  
Be ever more remembred, thou faire killer  
For whom I sate me down and brake my Tiller.

*Wife.* There's a kinde Gentleman, I warrant you, when will  
you do as much for me *George*?

*Luce.* Beshrew me sir, I am sorry for your losses,  
But as the Proverb says, *I cannot cry*,  
I would you had not seen me. *Hum.* So would I.  
Unlesse you had more maw to do me good.

*Luce.* Why, cannot this strange passion be withstood,  
Send for a Constable and raise the Town.

*Hum.* O no, my valiant love will batter down  
Millions of Constables, and put to flight,  
Even that great Watch of Midsummer day at night.

*Luce.* Beshrew me sir, 'twere good I yielded then,  
Weak women cannot hope, where valiant men  
Have no resistance. *Hum.* Yield then, I am full

Of pitty, though I say it, and can pull  
Out of my pocket, thus a paire of gloves.

Look *Lucy*, look, the dogs tooth, nor the Doves  
Are not so white as these: and sweet they be,  
And whipt about with silk, as you may see:

If you desire the price, sute from your eye,  
A beam to this place, and you shall espie

*F* S. which is to say my sweetest Honie,  
They cost me three and two pence, or no monie.

*Luce.*



*The Knight of the burning Pestle.*

*Luce.* Well sir, I take them kindly, and I thanke you ;  
What would you more? *Hum.* Nothing. *Lu.* Why then farewell.

*Humf.* Nor so, nor so, for Lady I must tell,  
Before we part, for what we met together,  
God grant me time, and patience, and faire weather.

*Luce.* Speake and declare your mind in termes so brieft.

*Humf.* I shall ; then first and formost for reliefe  
I call to you, if that you can afford it,  
I care not at what price, for on my word, it  
Shall be repaid againe, although it cost me  
More than Ile speake of now, for love hath tost me  
In furious blanket like a Tennis-ball,  
And now I rise aloft, and now I fall.

*Luce.* Alas good gentleman, alas the day.

*Hum.* I thanke you heartily, and as I say,  
Thus doe I still continue without rest,  
I'th' morning like a man, at night a beast,  
Roaring and bellowing mine owne disquiet,  
That much I feare, forsaking of my diet,  
Will bring me presently to that quandary,  
I shall bid all adieu. *Luce.* Now by S. *Mary*

That were great pittie. *Hum.* So it were beshrew me,  
Then ease me lusty *Luce*, and pittie shew me.

*Luce.* Why sir, you know my will is nothing worth  
Without my fathers grant ; get his consent,  
And then you may with assurance try me.

*Hum.* The Worshipfull your fire will not deny me,  
For I have askt him, and he hath reply'd,  
Sweet Master *Humfrey*, *Luce* shall be thy Bride.

*Luce.* Sweet Master *Humfrey* then I am content.

*Hum.* And so am I in truth. *Luce.* Yet take me with you,  
There is another clause must be annex,  
And this it is, I swore, and will performe it,  
No man shall ever joy me as his wife,  
But he that stole me hence : if you dare venter,  
I am yours ; you need not feare, my father loves you :  
If not, farewell for ever. *Hum.* Stay Nymph, stay,

*The Knight of the burning Pestle.*

I have a double Gelding coloured bay,  
Sprung by his father from Barbarian kind,  
Another for my selfe, though somewhat blind,  
Yet true as trusty tree. *Luce.* I am satisfied,  
And so I give my hand, our course must lie  
Through *Waltham* Forrest, where I have a friend  
Will entertaine us, so farewell sir *Humfrey*. *Exit Luce.*  
And thinke upon your busines. *Hum.* Though I dye,  
I am resolv'd to venture life and lim,  
For one so young, so faire, so kind, so trim. *Exit Humfrey.*

*Wife.* By my faith and troth *George*, and as I am vertuous, it  
is e'ne the kindest yong man that ever trod on shoole-leather:  
well, goe thy wayes, if thou hast her not, 'tis not thy fault 'faith.

*Cit.* I prithee mause be patient, a shall have her, or Ile make  
some of 'em smoake for't.

*Wife.* That's my good lambe *George*, fie, this stinking Tobacco  
kills men, would there were none in *England*: now I pray gen-  
tlemen, what good does this stinking Tobacco? doe you no-  
thing; I warrant you make chimnies a your faces: O husband,  
husband, now, now there's *Rafe*, there's *Rafe*.

*Enter Rafe like a Grocer in's shop, with two Prentises,*  
*reading Palmerin of England.*

*Cit.* Peace foole, let *Rafe* alone, harke you *Rafe*; doe not straine  
your selfe too much at the first, peace, begin *Rafe*.

*Rafe.* Then *Palmerin* and *Trineus* snatching their Lances from  
their Dwarfes, and clasping their Helmets, gallopt amaine af-  
ter the Gyant, and *Palmerin* having gotten a sight of him, came  
posting amaine, saying, Stay trayterous thiefe, for thou maist  
not so carry away her; that is worth the greatest Lord in the  
world, and with these words gave him a blow on the shoulder,  
that he stroake him besides his Elephant; and *Trineus* comming  
to the Knight that had *Agricola* behind him, set him soone besides  
his horse, with his necke broken in the fall, so that the Prin-  
cesse getting out of the throng, betweene joy and grieve said;  
All happy Knight, the mirror of all such as follow Armes, now  
may I be well assured of the love thou bearest me, I wonder why  
the



*The Knight of the burning Pestle.*

the Kings doe not raise an Army of fourteene or fifteene Hundred thousand men as bigge as the Army that the Prince of *Portigo* brought against *Rocicler*, and destroy these Gyants, they doe much hurt to wandring Damsels, that goe in quest of their Knights.

*Wife.* Faith husband and *Rafe* sayes true, for they say the King of *Portugall* cannot sit at his meat, but the Gyants and the *Etins* will come and snatch it from him.

*Cit.* Hold thy tongue; on *Rafe*.

*Rafe.* And certainly those Knights are much to bee commended, who neglecting their possessions, wander with a Squire and a Dwarfie through the Desarts to relieve poore Ladies.

*Wife.* I by my faith are they *Rafe*, let 'em say what they will, they are indeed: our Knights neglect their possessions well enough, but they doe not the rest.

*Rafe.* There are no such courteous and faire well spoken Knights in this age, they will call one the sonne of a whore, that *Palmerin of England*, would have called faire sir; and one that *Rocicler* would have called right beauteous Damsell, they they will call dam'd bitch.

*Wife.* Ile besworne will they *Rafe*, they have called me so an hundred times about a scurvy pipe of Tobacco.

*Rafe.* But what brave spirit could be content to sit in his shop with a flapet of wood, and a blew Aporne before him, selling *Methridatum* and *Dragons water* to visited houses, that might pursue feats of Armes, and through his noble achievements procure such a famous Historie to be written of in his Heroicke prowesse.

*Cit.* Well said *Rafe*, some more of those words *Rafe*.

*Wife.* They goe finely by my troth.

*Rafe.* Why should I not then pursue this course, both for the credit of my selfe and our company, for amongst all the worthy bookes of Achievements I doe not call to mind that I yet read of a Grocer Errant, I will be the said Knight: Have you heard of any that hath wandred unfurnished of his Squire and Dwarfie? my elder Prentice *Tim* shall bee my trusty Squire,

*The Knight of the burning Pestle.*

and little *George* my Dwarf, hence my blew Aporne, yet in remembrance of my former Trade, upon my shield shall be purtraid a *burning Pestle*, and I will be call'd the *Knight of the burning Pestle*.

*Wife*. Nay, I dare sweare thou wilt not forget thy old Trade, thou wert ever meeke.

*Rafe. Tim.*

*Tim. Anon.*

*Rafe*. My beloved Squire, and *George* my Dwarf, I charge you that from hence forth you never call me by any other name, but the *Right courteous and valiant Knight of the burning Pestle*, and that you never call any Female by the name of a Woman, or Wench, but faire Lady, if she have her desires; if not distressed Damsell; that you call all Forrests and Heaths Delarts, and all horses Palfries.

*Wife*. This is very fine: faith doe the Gentlemen like *Rafe*, thinke you husband?

*Cit.* I, I warrant thee, the Players would give all the shooes in their shop for him.

*Rafe*. My beloved Squire *Tim*, stand out, admit this were a desert, and over it a Knight errant pricking, and I should bid you enquire of his intents, what would you say?

*Tim*. Sir, my Master sent me, to know whither you are riding?

*Rafe*. No, thus; faire Sir, the *right courteous and valiant Knight of the burning Pestle*, commanded me to enquire upon what adventure you are bound, whether to relieve some distressed Damsels, or other wise.

*Cit.* Whorson block-head cannot remember.

*Wife*. I'faith, and *Rafe* told him on't before: all the Gentlemen heard him, did he not Gentlemen, did not *Rafe* tel him on't?

*Geor.* *Right courteous and valiant Knight of the burning Pestle*, here is a distressed Damsell, to have a halfe penny-worth of Pepper.

*Wife*. That's a good boy, see, the little boy can hit it, by my troth it's a fine child.

*Rafe*. Relieve her with all courteous language, now shut up shoppe, no more my Prentise, but my trusty Squire and Dwarf,



*The Knight of the burning Pestle.*

Dwarfe, I must bespeake my Shield and arming Pestle.

*Cit.* Goe thy wayes *Rafe*, as I am a true man, thou art the best on 'em all.

*Wife.* *Rafe*, *Rafe*.

*Rafe.* What say you Mistresse?

*Wife.* I prethee come againe quickly sweet *Rafe*.

*Rafe.* By and by. *Exit Rafe.*

*Enter Jasper, and his mother Mistris Merry-thought.*

*Mist. mer.* Give thee my blessing? no, ile ne're give thee my blessing, Ile see thee hang'd first; it shall ne're be said I gave thee my blessing: thou art thy Fathers owne sonne, of the blood of the *Merry-thoughts*; I may curse the time that e're I knew thy father, hee hath spent all his owne, and mine too, and when I tell him of it, he laughs and dances, and sings and cries, *A merry heart lives long-a*. And thou art a wast-thrift, and art runne away from thy Master, that lov'd thee well, and art come to me, and I have laid up a little for my younger sonne *Michael*, and thou think'st to bezell that, but thou shalt never be able to doe it. Come hither *Michael*, come *Michael*, downe on thy knees, thou shalt have my blessing. *Enter Michael.*

*Mich.* I pray you mother pray to God to blesse me.

*Mist. mer.* God blesse thee: but *Jasper* shall never have my blessing, he shall be hang'd first, shall hee not *Michael*? how saist thou?

*Mich.* Yes forsooth mother and grace of God.

*Mist. mer.* That's a good boy.

*Wife.* I'faith it's a fine spoken child.

*Jasp.* Mother, though you forget a Parents love, I must preserve the duty of a child: goddewill I will not run not from my Master, nor returne To have your stock maintaine my idlenesse.

*Wife.* Ungracious child I warrant him, harke how hee chops Logick with his mother: thou hadst best tell her shee lyes; doe tell her shee lies.

*Cit.* If he were my sonne, I would hang him up by the heeles,

*The Knight of the burning Pestle.*

and flea him, and salt him, whoore-sonne halter sacke.

*Jasp.* My comming onely is to beg your love,  
Which I ever though I never, gaine it,  
And howsoever you esteeme of me,  
There is no drop of blood hid in these veines,  
But I remember well belongs to you,  
That brought me forth, and would be glad for you  
To rip them all againe, and let it out.

*Mist. mer.* I faith I had sorrow enough for thee (God knowes)  
but ile hamper thee well enough : get thee in thou vagabond, get  
thee in, and learne of thy brother *Michael*.

*Old mer. within.* Nose, nose, jolly red nose, and who gave thee  
this jolly red nose?

*Mist. mer.* Harke, my husband he's singing and hoiting,  
And I'me faine to carke and care, and all little enough.  
Husband, *Charles, Charles Merry-thought*.

*Enter old Merry-thought.*

*Old mer.* Nutmegs and Ginger, Cinnamon and Cloves,  
And they gave me this jolly red nose.

*Mist. mer.* If you would consider your estate, you would have  
little list to sing, I-wisse.

*Old mer.* It should never be considred, while it were an estate,  
if I thought it would spoile my singing.

*Mist. mer.* But how wilt thou doe *Charles*, thou art an old  
man, and thou canst not worke, and thou hast not forty shil-  
lings left, and thou eatest good meate, and drinkest good drink,  
and laughest?

*Old mer.* And will doe.

*Mist. mer.* But how wilt thou come by it *Charles*?

*Old mer.* How? why have I done hitherto this forty yeares?  
I never came into my Dining-roome, but at eleven and sixe a  
Clocke, I found excellent meate and drinke a'th Table : my  
Cloaths were never worne out, but next morning a Tailor  
brought me a new suit; and without question it will be so ever :  
use makes perfectnesse. If all should faile, it is but a little strai-  
ning



*The Knight of the burning Pestle.*

ning my selfe extraordinary, and laugh my selfe to death.

*Wife.* Its a foolish old man this: is not he *George*?

*Cit.* Yes Cunny.

*Wife.* Give me a penny i'th purse while I live *George*.

*Cit.* I by Ladie cunnie, hold thee there.

*Mist. mer.* Well *Charles*, you promis'd to provide for *Iasper*, and I have laid up for *Michael*: I pray you pay *Iasper* his portion, he's come home, and he shall not consume *Michaels* stock: he saies his Master turn'd him away, but I promise you truly, I thinke he ran away.

*Wife.* No indeed mistris *Merry-thought*, though he be a notable gallows, yet ile assure you his Master did turne him away, even in this place 'twas yfaith within this halfe houre, about his daughter, my husband was by.

*Cit.* Hang him rogue, he serv'd him well enough: love his Masters daughter! by my troth Cunnie, if there were a thousand boyes, thou wouldst spoile them all with taking their parts; let his mother alone with him.

*Wife.* I *George*, but yet truth is truth.

*Old mer.* Where is *Iasper*? he's welcome how ever, call him in, he shall have his portion, is he merry?

*Enter Iasper and Michael.*

*Mist. mer.* I foule chive him, he is too merry. *Iasper, Michael.*

*Old mer.* Welcome *Iasper*, though thou run'st away, welcome, God blesse thee, 'tis thy mothers minde thou shouldst receive thy portion: thou hast beene abroad, and I hope hast learn'd experience enough to governe it: thou art of sufficient yeares, hold thy hand: one, two, three, foure, five, sixe, seven, eight, nine, there is ten Shillings for thee, thrust thy selfe into the World with that, and take some setled course, if Fortune crosse thee, thou hast a retiring place; come home to me, I have twenty shillings left, be a good husband, that is, weare ordinary Cloaths, eate the best meate, and drinke the best drinke; be merry, and give to the poore, and beleeeve me, thou hast no end of thy goods.

*Iasp.*

*The Knight of the burning Pestle.*

*Jasp.* Long may you live free from all thought of ill,  
And long have cause to be thus merry still.  
But father ?

*Old merri.* No more words *Jasper*, get thee gone, thou hast my blessing, thy fathers spirit upon thee. Farewell *Jasper* ; but yet or ere you part ( oh cruell ) kisse me, kisse me sweeting, mine owne deare jewell : So, now begon ; no words.

*Enter Jasper.*

*Mis. mer.* So *Michael*, now get thee gone too.

*Mich.* Yes forsooth mother , but Ile have my fathers blessing first.

*Mis. mer.* No *Michael*, 'tis no matter for his blessing ; thou hast my blessing, begon ; Ile fetch my money, and jewells, and follow thee : Ile stay no longer with him I warrant thee ; truly *Charles* Ile begon too.

*Old mer.* What you will not ?

*Mis. mer.* Yes indeed will I.

*Old mer.* Hey ho, fare-well *Nan* , Ile never trust wench more againe, if I can.

*Mis. mer.* You shall not thinke ( when all your owne is gone ) to spend that I have beene scraping up for *Michael*.

*Old mer.* Farewell good wife, I expect it not ; all I have to doe in this world, is to be merry : which I shall, if the ground bee not taken from me : and if it be,  
When earth and seas from me are rest,  
The skies aloft for me are left.

*Exeunt.*

*Boy danceth, Musicke.*

*Finis Actus primi.*

*Wife.* Ile be sworn hee's a merry old Gentleman for all that : Harke, harke husband , harke, Fiddles, Fiddles ; now surely they goe finely. They say, 'tis present death for these fidlers to to tune their Rebecks before the great Turkes grace, is't not *George* ? But looke, looke, heere's a youth dances : now good youth doe a turne a'th toe ; Sweete heart, I'faith ile have *Rafe* come, and doe some of his Gambols ; hee'e ride the wild mare Gentlemen, 'twould doe your hearts good to see him : I thanke you kinde youth, pray bid *Rafe* come.

*Cit.*



*The Knight of the burning Pestle.*

*Cit.* Peace Connie. Sirrah, you scurvie boy, bid the Players send *Rafe*, or by Gods ——— and they doe not, I'le teare some of their Periwigs beside their heads : this is all Riffe Raffe.

*Actus secundus, Scœna prima.*

*Enter Merchant and Humphrey.*

*Merch.* And how faith? how goes it now sonne *Humphrey*?

*Hum.* Right worshipfull, and my beloved friend  
And father deare, this matter's at an end.

*Merch.* 'Tis well, it should be so, I'me glad the Girle  
Is found so tractable.

*Hum.* Nay, she must whirle  
From hence, and you must wink : for so I say,  
The story tels, to morrow before day.

*Wife.* *George*, do'st thou think in thy conscience now 'twill be  
a match? tell me but what thou think'st sweet Rogue, thou seest  
the poore Gentleman (deare heart) how it labours and throbs I  
warrant you, to be at rest : I'le go move the father for't.

*Cit.* No, no, I prethee sit still Hony-suckle, thou'l't spoile all; if  
he deny him, I'le bring halfe a dozen good fellows my selfe, and  
in the shutting of an evening knock't up, and there's an end.

*Wife.* I'le busse thee for that i' faith boy; well *George*, well you  
have been a wag in your dayes I warrant you : but God forgive  
you, and I do with all my heart.

*Mer.* How was it sonne? you told me that to morrow  
Before day break, you must convey her hence.

*Hum.* I must, I must, and thus it is agreed,  
Your daughter rides upon a brown-bay steed,  
I on a sorrell, which I bought of *Brian*,  
The honest Host of the red roaring Lion  
In *Waltham* situate: then if you may,  
Consent in seemly sort, lest by delay,  
The fatall sisters come, and do the office,  
And then you'l sing another song. *Merch.* Alas,  
Why should you be thus full of grief to me?  
That do as willing as your selfe agree

*The Knight of the burning Pestle.*

To any thing so it be good and faire,  
Then steal her when you will, if such a pleasure  
Content you both, I'll sleep and never see it,  
To make your joyes more full: but tell me why  
You may not here performe your marriage?

*Wife* Gods blessing a thy soule old man, i' faith, thou art loath  
to part true hearts: I see a has her *George*, and I me as glad on't,  
well, go thy wayes *Humphrey* for a faire spoken man, I believe  
thou hast not thy fellow within the walls of *London*, and I should  
say the Suburbs to, I should not lie: why dost not thou rejoyce  
with me *George*? (Holt i' faith.

*Cit.* If I could but see *Rafe* againe, I were as merry as mine  
*Hum.* The cause you seem to aske, I thus declare,  
Help me oh *Muses* nine, your daughter sware  
A foolish oath, the more it was the pittie:  
Yet none but my selfe within this Citie  
Shall dare to say so, but a bold defiance  
Shall meet him, were hee of the noble Science,  
And yet she sware, and yet why did she swear;  
Truly I cannot tell, unlesse it were  
For her owne ease: for sure sometimes an oath,  
Being sworne thereafter, is like cordiall broth.  
And this it was she swore, never to marrie,  
But such a one whose mighty arme could carrie  
(As meaning me, for I am such a one)  
Her bodily away through sticke and stone,  
Till both of us arrive, at her request,  
Some ten miles off, in the wilde *Waltham* Forrest.

*Merch.* If this be all, you shall not neede to feare  
Any deniall in your love, proceed,  
I'll neither follow, nor repent the deed.

*Hum.* Good night, twenty good nights, and twenty more,  
And twenty more good nights, that makes threescore. *Exeunt.*

*Enter mistress Merri-thought, and her sonne Michael.*

*Mist. mer.* Come *Michael*, art thou not weary Boy?

*Mich.* No for-sooth mother not I

*Mist. mer.* Where be we now childe?

*Mich.*

*The Knight of the burning Pestle.*

*Mich.* Indeed forsooth mother I cannot tell , unlesse we be at Mile-end : is not all the world Mile-end, Mother ?

*Mist. mer.* No *Michael*, not all the world boy ; but I can assure thee *Michael*, Mile-end is a goodly matter, there has been a pitchfield my childe, between the naughty *Spaniels* and the *Englishmen*, and the *Spaniels* ran away *Michael*, and the *Englishmen* followed : my neighbour *Coxstone* was there boy, and kil'd them all with a birding peece.

*Mich.* Mother forsooth.

*Mist. mer.* What says my white boy ?

*Mich.* Shall not my father go with us too ?

*Mist. mer.* No *Michael*, let thy father go snick-up, he shall never come between a paire of sheets with mee againe , while hee lives : let him stay at home and sing for his supper boy ; come child sit down, and i'le shew my boy fine knacks indeed , look here *Michael* , here's a Ring , and here's a Bruch , and here's a Bracelet, and here's to Rings more, and here's money, and gold by th' eye my boy. *Mich.* Shall I have all this mother ?

*Mist. mer.* I *Michael*, thou shalt have all *Michael*.

*Cit.* How lik'st thou this wench ?

*Wife.* I cannot tell, I would have *Rafe*, *George*; I'le see no more else indeed-law , and I pray you let the youths understand so much by word of mouth, for I will tell you truly , I'me afraid a my boy: come, come *George*, let's be merry and wise, the child's a fatherlesse childe, and say they should put him into a strait pair of Gaskins , 'twere worse then knot-grasse , hee would never grow after it.

*Enter Rafe, Squire, and Dwarfe.*

*Cit.* Here's *Rafe*, here's *Rafe*.

*Wife.* How do you *Rafe* ? you are welcome *Rafe* , as I may say, it's a good boy, hold up thy head, and be not afraid , wee are thy friends. *Rafe*, the Gentlemen will prayse thee *Rafe*, if thou playst thy part with audacitie, begin *Rafe* a Gods name.

*Rafe.* My trusty Squire unlace my Helme , give mee my hat, where are we, or what desert might this be ?

*Dw.* Mirrour of Knighthood, this is, as I take it , the perilous *Waltham* down; in whose bottom stands the enchanted Valley.

*Mist. mer.* O *Michael*, wee are betraid, we are betraid , here



*The Knight of the burning Pestle.*

Be Giants, flie boy, flie boy flie. *Exit mother and Michael.*

*Rafe*, Lace on my Helme again : what noise is this ?

A gentle Lady flying the embrace  
Of some uncourteous Knight, I will relieve her.  
Go squire, and say, the Knight that weares this Pestle  
In honour of all Ladies, sweares revenge  
Upon that recreant coward that pursues her,  
Go comfort her, and that same gentle Squire  
That beares her company. *Squire*. I goe brave Knight.

*Rafe*. My trusty Dwarf and friend, reach me my shield,  
And hold it while I sweare : first by my Knighthood,  
Then by the soule of *Amadis de Gaule*,  
My famous Ancestor, then by my sword,  
The beauteous *Brionella* girt about me,  
By this bright burning Pestle of mine honour,  
The living Trophie, and by all respect  
Due to distressed Damsels, here I vow  
Never to end the quest of this faire Ladie,  
And that forsaken Squire, till by my valour  
I gain their libertie. *Dwarf*. Heaven blesse the Knight  
That thus relieves poore errant Gentlewomen. *Exit.*

*Wife*. I marry *Rafe*, this has some favour in't. I would see the  
proudest of them all offer to carrie his books after him. But  
*George*, I will not have him go away so soone, I shall be sicke  
if he go away, that I shall ; call *Rafe* again *George*, call *Rafe* a-  
gain, I prethee sweet heart let him come fight before mee, and  
let's ha some Drums and Trumpets, and let him kill all that  
comes neer him, and thou lov'st me *George*.

*Cir*. Peace a little bird, he shall kill them all, and they were  
twenty more on 'em then there are. *Enter Iasper.*

*Iasp*. Now fortune, if thou be'st not onely ill,  
Shew me thy better face, and bring about  
Thy desperate wheele, that I may climbe at length  
And stand, this is our place of meeting,  
If love have any constancie. Oh age !  
Where onely wealthy men are counted happie :  
How shall I please thee ? how deserve thy smiles ?

When

When I am onely rich in misery?  
My fathers blessing, and this little coine  
Is my inheritance, a strong revenue,  
From earth thou art, and to earth I give thee,  
There grow and multiply, whilst fresher aire  
Breeds me a fresher fortune : how, illusion !  
What hath the Devill coyn'd himselfe before me ?  
'Tis mettle good, it rings well, I am waking,  
And taking too I hope, now Gods deere blessing  
Upon his heart that left it here, 'tis mine,  
These pearles, I take it, were not left for swine.

*spies the  
Casket.*

*Exit.*

*Wife.* I do not like that this unthrifty youth should embesill  
away the monie, the poore Gentlewoman his mother will have  
a heavy heart for it, God knows.

*Cit.* And reason good, sweet heart.

*Wife.* But let him go, I'le tell *Rafe* a tale in's care shall fetch  
him again with a Wanion I warrant him, if he be above ground;  
and besides *George*, here be a number of sufficient Gentlemen  
can witnesse, and my self, and your selfe, and the Musicians, if we  
be calld in question, but here comes *Rafe*, *George*, thou shalt heare  
him speak, as he were an Emperall.

*Enter Rafe and Dwarf.*

*Rafe.* Comes not sir Squire again?

*Dwarf.* Right courteous Knight,  
Your Squire doth come, and with him comes the Ladie.

*Enter Mistris Mer. and Michael, and Squire.*

For and the Squire of Damsels as I take it.

*Rafe.* Madam, if any service or devoir  
Of a poore errant Knight may right your wrongs,  
Command it, I am prest to give you succour,  
For to that holy end I beare my Armour.

*Mist. mer.* Alas, sir, I am a poore Gentlewoman, and I have  
lost my mony in this Forrest:

*Rafe.* Desart, you would say Ladie, and not lost  
Whilst I have sword and launce, dry up your teares.  
Which ill befits the beauty of that face :

*The Knight of the burning Pestle.*

And tell the storie if I may request it,  
Of your diastrous fortune.

*Mist. mer.* Out alas, I left a thousand pound, a thousand pound,  
e'ne all the mony I had laid up for this youth, upon the sight of  
your Mastership, you lookt so grim, and as I may say it, saving  
your presence, more like a Giant then a mortall man.

*Rafe.* I am as you are, Lady, so are they  
All mortall, but why weeps this gentle Squire?

*Mist. mer.* Has he not cause to weep do you think, when hee  
has lost his inheritance?

*Rafe.* Yong hope of valour, weep not, I am here  
That will confound thy foe, and pay it deare  
Upon his coward head, that dare denie,  
Distress'd Squires, and Ladies equitie.  
I have but one horse, on which shall ride  
This Lady faire behinde me, and before  
This courteous Squire, fortune will give us more  
Upon our next adventure; fairly speed  
Beside us Squire and Dwarf to do us need.

*Exeunt.*

*Cit.* Did not I tell you *Nel* what your man would do? by the  
faith of my body wench, for clean action and good delivery they  
may all cast their caps at him.

*Wife.* And so they may i' faith, for I dare speak it boldly, the  
twelve Companies of *London* cannot match him, timber, for  
timber: well *George*, and hee be not inveigled by some of these  
paulterie Players, I ha much marvell: but *George* we ha done our  
parts, if the Boy have any grace to be thankfull.

*Cit.* Yes I warrant you duckling.

*Enter Humphrey and Luce.*

*Hum.* Good Mistris *Luce*, how ever I in fault am  
For your lame horse; you're welcome unto *Waltham*.  
But which way now to go, or what to say  
I know not truly till it be broad day.

*Luce.* O feare not master *Humphery*, I am guide  
For this place good enough. *Hum.* Then up and ride,  
Or if it please you, walk for your repose,

Or



*The Knight of the burning Pestle.*

Or sit, or if you will, go pluck a Rose :  
Either of which shall be indifferent,  
To your good friend and *Humphrey*, whose consent  
Is so entangled ever to your will,  
As the poor harmlesse horse is to the Mill.

*Luce*. Faith and you say the word, wee'l e'ne sit down,  
And take a nap. *Hum*. 'Tis better in the Town,  
Where we may nap together : for believe me,  
To sleep without a snatch would mickle grive me.

*Luce*. You're merry master *Humphrey*. *Hum*. So I am,  
And have been ever merry from my Dam.

*Luce*. Your Nurse had the lesse labour.

*Hum*. Faith it may be,  
Unlesse it were by chance I did beray me. — *Enter Jasper.*

*Jasp*. *Luce*, deare friend *Luce*. *Luce*. Here *Jasper*.

*Jasp*. You are mine.

*Hum*. If it be so, my friend, you use me fine :  
What do you think I am ? *Jasp*. An arrant Noddy.

*Hum*. A word of obloquie : now by Gods body,  
I'll tell thy Master, for I know thee well.

*Jasp*. Nay, and you be so forward for to tell,  
Take that, and that, and tell him fir I gave it :  
And say I paid you well. — *Hum*. O fir I have it,  
And do confesse the payment, pray be quiet.

*Jasp*. Go, get you to your night-cap and the diet,  
To cure your beaten bones. *Luce*. Alas, poore *Humphrey*,  
Get thee some wholsome broth with Sage and Cumfrie :  
A little oile of Roses and a feather  
To noint thy back withall. *Hum*. When I came hither,

Would I had gone to *Paris* with *John Dorry*.

*Luce*. Farewell my pretty Nump, I am very sorry  
I cannot beare thee company. *Hum*. Farewell,  
The Devils Dam was ne're so bang'd in Hell.

*Exeunt.*

*Manet Humphrey.*

*Wife*. This young *Jasper* will prove mee another Things, a my  
conscience and hee may be suffered ; *George*, dost not see *George*  
how a-swaggers, and flies at the very heads a fokes as hee were a  
Dragon;

*The Knight of the burning Pestle.*

Dragon; well if I doe not doe his lesson for wronging the poore Gentleman, I am no true woman, his friends that brought him up might have been better occupied, I wis, then have taught him these fegaries: he's e'ne in the high-way to the Gallows, God blesse him.

*Cit.* You're too bitter, Conny, the yong man may doe well enough for all this.

*Wife.* Come hither master *Humphrey*, has hee hurt you? now beshrew his fingers for't, here sweet heart, here's some Greene Ginger for thee, now beshrew my heart, but a has Pepper-nel in's head, as big as a Pullets Egge: alas, sweet Lambe, how thy temples beate; take the peace on him sweet hart, take the peace on him.

*Enter a Boy.*

*Cit.* No, no, you talk like a foolish woman, I'le ha *Rafe* fight with him, and swing him up well favourdly: sirrah boy come hither, let *Rafe* come in and fight with *Iasper*.

*Wife.* I, and beat him well, he's an unhappy boy.

*Boy.* Sir, you must pardon us, the plot of our Play lies contrary, and twill hazard the spoyling of our Play.

*Cit.* Plot me no plots, I'le ha *Rafe* come out, I'le make your house too hot for you else.

*Boy.* Why sir, hee shall, but if any thing fall out of order, the Gentlemen must pardon us.

*Cit.* Go your ways good-man boy, I'le hold him a penny hee shall have his belly full of fighting now, ho here comes *Rafe*, no more.

*Enter Rafe, mistris Merry, Michael, Squire, and Dwarfse.*

*Rafe.* What Knight is that Squire, aske him if he keep  
The passage, bound by love of Lady faire,  
Or else but prickant.

*Hum.* Sir, I am no Knight,  
But a poor Gentleman, that this same night,  
Had stolne from me on yonder Green,  
My lovely wife, and suffered to be seen  
Yet extant on my shoulders such a greeting,  
That whilst I live, I shall think of that that meeting.

*Wife.* I *Rafe*, he beat him unmercifully, *Rafe*, and thou spar'st him *Rafe*, I would thou wert hang'd,

*Cit.*



*The Knight of the burning Pestle.*

*Cit.* No more, wife no more.

*Rafe.* Where is the Caitiffe wretch hath done this deed?

Lady, your pardon, that I may proceed

Upon the quest of this injurious Knight.

And thou faire Squire repute me not the worse,

In leaving the great venture of the purse, *Enter Iasper and Luce.*

And the rich Casket till some better leisure.

*Hum.* Here comes the Broker hath purloin'd my treasure.

*Rafe.* Go, Squire, and tell him I am here,

An Errant Knight at Arms, to crave delivery

Of that faire Lady to her own Knights arms.

If he deny, bid him take choice of ground,

And so defie him. *Squire.* From the Knight that beares

*The golden Pestle,* I defie thee Knight.

Unlesse thou make faire restitution

Of that bright Lady.

*Iasp.* Tell the Knight that sent thee

He is an Ass, and I will keep the wench.

And knock his Head-peece.

*Rafe.* Knight thou art but dead,

If thou recall not thy uncourteous terms:

*Wife.* Break's pate *Rafe*, break's pate *Rafe*, soundly.

*Iasp.* Come Knight, I am ready for you, now your Pestle.

*Snatches away his Pestle.*

Shall try what temper, fir, your Morter's of:

With that he stood upright in his stirrops,

And gave the Knight of the Calve-skin such a knock,

That he forsook his horse, and down he fell.

And then he leaped upon him, and plucking off his Helmet.

*Hum.* Nay, and my noble Knight be down so soon,

Though I can scarcely go, I needs must run.

*Exit Humphrey and Rafe.*

*Wife.* Run *Rafe*, run *Rafe*, run for thy life boy, *Iasper* comes,

*Iasper* comes.

*Iasp.* Come *Luce*, we must have other Arms for you,

*Humphrey* and *Golden Pestle* both adieu. *Exeunt.*

*Wife.* Sure the Devill, God blesse us, is in this Springald, why

E George,

*The Knight of the burning Pestle.*

George, didst ever see such a fire-drake, I am afraid my boy's miscarried; if he be, though hee were Master *Merry-thoughts* sonne a thousand times, if there be any Law in *England*, I'll make some of them smart for't.

*Cit.* No, no, I have found out the matter sweet heart, *Iasper* is enchanted as sure as we are here, hee is enchanted, hee could no more have stood in *Rafe's* hands, then I can stand in my Lord *Majors*. I'll have a Ring to discover all enchantments, and *Rafe* shall beat him yet: be no more vext, for it shall be so.

*Enter Raph, Squire, Dwarf, Mistress Merry-thoughts, and Michael.*

*Wif.* O husband, here's *Rafe* againe, stay *Rafe*, let mee speake with thee, how dost thou *Rafe*? art thou not shrewdly hurt? the foule great Lunge is laid unmercifully on thee, there's some sugar-candy for thee, proceed, thou shalt have another bout with him.

*Cit.* If *Rafe* had him at the Fencing-schoole, if hee did not make a puppy of him, and drive him up and downe the Schoole, he should nere come in my shop more.

*Mist. mer.* Truly Master Knight of the burning Pestle I am weary.

*Mich.* Indeed law mother and I am very hungry.

*Rafe.* Take comfort gentle Dame, and your faire Squire, For in this Desert there must needs be plac'e  
Many strong Castles, held by courteous Knights,  
And till I bring you safe to one of those  
I swear by this my Order ne're to leave you.

*Wife.* Well said *Rafe*, *George*, *Rafe* was ever comfortable, was he not?

*Cit.* Yes Duck.

*Wife.* I shall ne're forget him: when wee had lost our child, you know it was straid almost, alone, to *Puddle-wharfe*, and the Cryers were abroad for it, and there it had drown'd it selfe but for a Sculler, *Rafe* was the most comfortablest to me: peace *Mistis*, sayes he, let it go, I'll get you another as good, did hee not *George*? did he not say so?

*Cit.* Yes indeed did he Mouse.

*Dwarf.*



*The Knight of the burning Pestle.*

*Dwarfe.* I would we had a maffe of Pottage and a pot of drink,  
Squire, and were going to bed.

*Squire.* Why we are at *Waltham Townes* end, and that's the  
*Bell Inne*.

*Dwarfe.* Take courage valiant Knight, Damsell, and Squire,  
I have discovered, not a stones cast off,  
An ancient Castle held by the old Knight  
Of the most holy Order of the *Bell*,  
Who gives to all Knights Errant entertain:  
There plenty is of food, and all prepar'd,  
By the white hands of his own Lady deare.  
He hath three Squires that welcome all his Guests:  
The first high Chamberlain, who will see  
Our beds prepar'd and bring us snowy sheets,  
Where never foot man stretcht his butter'd Hams.  
The second hight *Tapstro*, who will see  
Our pots full filled, and no froth therein:  
The third a gentle Squire *Ostlero* hight,  
Who will our Palfries slick with wisps of straw,  
And in the Manger put them Oates enough,  
And never grease their teeth with Candle snuffe.

*Wife.* That same Dwarf's a pretty boy, but the Squire's a grout-  
nold.

*Rafe.* Knock at the Gates my Squires with stately Lance.

*Enter Tapstro.*

*Tap.* Who's there, you're welcome Gentlemen, will you see a  
room?

*Dwarf.* Right courteous & valiant Knight of the burning Pestle,  
This is the Squire *Tapstro*.

*Rafe.* Faire Squire *Tapstro*, I a wandring Knight,  
Height of the burning Pestle in the quest  
Of this faire Ladies Casket, and wrought purse,  
Losing my selfe in this vast Wildernesse,  
Am to this Castle well by fortune brought,  
Where hearing of the goodly entertain-  
Your Knight of holy Order of the *Bell*,  
Gives to all Damsels, and all Errant Knights,

*The Knight of the burning Pestle.*

I thought to knock, and now am bold to enter.

*Tapster.* An't please you see a chamber, you are very welcome.

*Exeunt.*

*Wife.* George I would have something done, and I cannot tell what it is.

*Cit.* What is it *Nel*?

*Wife.* Why George, shall *Rafe* beat no body againe? prethee sweet-heart let him.

*Cit.* So he shall *Nel*, and if *Ljoyn* with him, wee'l knock them all.

*Enter Humphrey and Merchant.*

*Wife.* O George here's matter *Humphrey* againe now, that lost *Mistirs Luce*, and *Mistirs Lucies* father; *Master Humphrey* will do some bodies arrant I warrant him.

*Hum.* Father it's true, in armes I nere shall claspe her, For she is stolne away by your man *Iasper*.

*Wife.* I thought he would tell him.

*Merch.* Unhappy that I am to lose my child: Now I begin to think on *Iaspers* words, Who oft hath urg'd to me thy foolishnesse, Why didst thou let her go? thou lov'st her not, That wouldst bring home thy life, and not bring her.

*Hum.* Father forgive me, I shall tell you true, Look on my shoulders, they are black and blew, Whilst too and fro faire *Luce* and I were winding, He came and basted me with a hedge binding.

*Merch.* Get men and horses straight, we will be there Within this houre, you know the place againe?

*Hum.* I know the place, where he my loyns did swaddle, I'll get six horses, and to each a saddle.

*Mer.* Mean time I'll go talk with *Iaspers* father. *Exeunt.*

*Wife.* George, what wilt thou lay with mee now, that *Master Humphrey* has not *Mistirs Luce* yet, speak George, what wilt thou lay with me?

*Cit.* No *Nel*, I warrant thee *Iasper* is at *Puckridge* with her by this.

*Wife.* Nay George, you must consider *Mistirs Lucies* feet are tender,



*The Knight of the burning Pestle.*

tender, and besides, 'tis darke, and I promise you truly, I do not see how he should get out of *Waltham* Forrest with her yet.

*Cit.* Nay Cunny, what wilt thou lay with me that *Rafe* has her not yet.

*Wife.* I will not lay against *Rafe* Hunny, because I have not spoken with him: but look *George*, peace, here comes the merry old Gentleman again.

*Enter old Merry-thought.*

*Old mer.* When it was grown to dark mid-night,  
And all were fast asleep,  
In came *Margaret's* grimly Ghost,  
And stood at *Williams* feet.

I have money, and meat and drink before hand, till to morrow at noon, why should I be sad? mee thinks I have half a dozen Joviall spirits within me, I am three merry men, and three merry men: To what end should any man be sad in this World? give me a man that when hee goes to hanging cries, trouble the black boules to me: and a woman that will sing a catch in her Travell. I have seen a man come by my doore, with a serious face, in a black cloak, without a hat-band; carrying his head as if hee lookt for pins in the street, I have lookt out of my window half a yeare after, and have spyed that mans head upon *London-bridge*: 'tis vile never trust a Tailor that does not sing at his work, his minde is of nothing but filching.

*Wife.* Marke this *George* 'tis worth noting: *Godfrey* my Tailor, you know never sings, and hee had fourteene yards to make this Gown, and I be sworn *Mistris Penistone* the Drapers wife had one made with twelve.

*Old mr.* 'Tis mirth that fills the veins with blood,  
More then wine, or sleep, or food,  
Let each man keep his heart at ease,  
No man dies of that disease.  
He that would his body keep  
From diseases, must not weep,  
But who ever laughs and sings,

*The Knight of the burning Pestle.*

Never his body brings  
Into Fyers, Gouts, or Rhumes;  
Or lingeringly his lungs consumes :  
Or meets with Aches in the bone,  
Or Catharthes, or griping Stone :  
But contented lives for aye,  
The more he laughs, the more he may.

*Wife.* Look *George*, how sayst thou by this *George*? is't not a fine old man? Now Gods blessing a'thy sweet lips. When wilt thou be so merry *George*? Faith thou art the frowningst little thing when thou art angry, in a Country.

*Enter Merchant.*

*Cit.* Peace Conny, thou shalt see him take down too I warrant thee; here's *Luces* father come now.

*Old mer.* As you came from *Walsingham*, from the holy Land, there met you not with my true-love by the way as you came.

*Merch.* Oh Master *Merry-thought*! my daughters gone, This mirth becomes you not, my daughters gone.

*Old mer.* Why an if she be what care I?  
Or let her come, or go, or tarry.

*Merch.* Mock not my misery, it is your sonne,  
Whom I have made my own, when all forsook him,  
Has stoln my only joy, my childe away. (gray,

*Old mer.* He set her on a milk-white steed, and himself upon a  
He never turn'd his face again, but he bore her quite away.

*Merch.* Unworthy of the kindnesse I have shewne  
To thee, and thine: too late I well perceive  
Thou art consenting to my daughters losse.

*Old mer.* Your daughter, what a stir's here wee yer daughter?  
Let her go, think no more on her, but sing loud. If both my sonnes  
were on the gallows, I would sing down, down, down: they fall  
down, and arise they never shall.

*Merch.* Oh might I behold her once again.  
And she once more embrace her aged fire.

*Old mer.* Fie, how scurvily this goes: and shce once more embrace her aged fire? you'le make a dog on her, will ye? she cares much for her aged fire I warrant you.

She



*The Knight of the burning Pestle.*

She cares not for her Daddy, nor she cares not for her Mammy.  
For she is, she is, she is my Lord of *Low-gaves* Lassic.

*Merch.* For this thy scorn I will pursue  
That sonne of thine to death.

*Old mer.* Do, and when you ha kil'd him,  
Give him flowers i' now Palmer, give him flowers i' now,  
Give him red and white, and blue, green, and yellow.

*Merch.* I'le fetch my daughter.

*Old mer.* I'le heare no more a your daughter, it spoiles my  
mirth.

*Merch.* I say I'le fetch my daughter.

*Old mer.* Was never man for Ladies sake, *down, down,*  
Tormented as I fir *Guy? de derry down,*  
For *Lucies* sake, that Lady bright, *down, down,*  
As ever men beheld with eye? *de derry down.*

*Merch.* I'le be reveng'd by Heaven.

*Exeunt.*

*Musique.*

*Finis Actus secundus.*

*Wife.* How dost thou like this *George?*

*Cit.* Why this is well Cunny: but if *Rafe* were hot once, thou  
shouldst see more.

*Wif.* The Fidlers go again husband.

*Cit.* I *Nell*, but this is scurvy Musique: I gave the whore-sonne  
gallows money, and I thinke hee has not got mee the Waits of  
Southwark, if I heare him not anan, I'le twinge him by the eares.  
Your Musicians play *Baloo.*

*Wife.* No good *George*, let's ha *Lachryma.*

*Cit.* Why this is it Cunny.

*Wife.* It's all the better *George*: now sweet Lambe, what story  
is that painted upon the cloth? the confutation of Saint *Paul?*

*Cit.* No Lambe, that's *Rafe* and *Lucrece.*

*Wife.* *Rafe* and *Lucrece?* which *Rafe?* our *Rafe?*

*Cit.* No Mousc, that was a *Tartarian.*

*Wife.* A *Tartarian?* well, I wo'd the Fidlers had done, that  
we might see our *Rafe* again.

*The Knight of the burning Pestle.*

*Actus tertius, Scœna prima.*

*Enter Jasper and Luce.*

*Iasp.* Come my deare, though we have lost our way,  
We have not lost our selves: are you not weary,  
With this nights wandring, broken from your rest?  
And frighted with the terrour that attends  
The darknesse of this wilde unpeopled place?

*Luce.* No my best friend, I cannot either feare,  
Or entertain a weary thought, whilst you  
(The end of all my full desires) stand by me:  
Let them that lose their hopes, and live to languish  
Amongst the number of forsaken Lovers,  
Tell the long weary steps, and number time,  
Start at a shadow, and shrink up their bloud,  
Whilst I (possess with all content and quiet)  
Thus take my pretty love, and thus embrace him.

*Jasp.* You have caught me *Luce*, so fast, that whilst I live  
I shall become your faithfull prisoner;  
And weare these chains for ever. Come, sit down,  
And rest your body, too too delicate  
For these disturbances; so, will you sleep?  
Come, do not be more able then you are,  
I know you are not skilfull in these Watches,  
For women are no souldiers; be not nice,  
But take it, sleep I say.

*Luce.* I cannot sleep,  
Indeed I cannot friend.

*Iasp.* Why then wee'l sing,  
And try how that will work upon our senses.

*Luce.* I'll sing, or say, or any thing but sleep.

*Iasp.* Come little Mer-maid, rob me of my heart  
With that enchanting voice.

*Luce.* You mocke me *Iasper*.

*Song.*

*The Knight of the burning Pestle.*

*Song.*

*Jasp. Tell me (dearest) what is love ?*

*Luce 'Tis a lightning from above,*

*'Tis an arrow, 'tis a fire,*

*'Tis a Boy they call desire.*

*'Tis a smile*

*Doth beguile*

*Jasp. The poore hearts of men that prove,*

*Tell me more, are women true ?*

*Luce. Some love change, and so do you.*

*Jasp. Are they faire, and never kinde ?*

*Luce. Yes, when men turn with the wind.*

*Jasp. Are they froward ?*

*Luce. Ever toward*

*Those that love, to love anew.*

*Jasp. Dissemble it no more, I see the God*

*Of heavy sleep, lay on his heavy Mace,*

*Upon your eye-lids. Luce. I am very heavy.*

*Jasp. Sleep, sleep, and quiet rest crown thy sweet thoughts:*

*Keep from her faire bloud distempers, startings,*

*Horroures and fearfull shapes : let all her dreams*

*Be joyes, and chaste delights, embraces, wishes,*

*And such new pleasures as the ravish't soule*

*Gives to the senses. So my charms have took,*

*Keep her you powers divine, whilst I contemplate*

*Upon the wealth and beautie of her minde.*

*She is onely faire, and constant : onely kinde,*

*And onely to thee Jasper. Oh my joyes !*

*Whither will you transport me? let not fulnesse*

*Of my poore buried hopes, come up together,*

*And over-charge my spirits ; I am weak,*

*Some say (how ever ill) the Sea and Women*

*Are govern'd by the Moon, both ebbe and flow,*

*Both full of changes : yet to them that know,*

*And truly judge, these but opinions are,*

*And heresies to bring on pleasing wars*



*The Knight of the burning Pestle.*

Between our tempers, that without these were  
Both void of after-love, and present feare.  
Which are the best of *Cupid*. O thou childe  
Bred from despaire, I dare not entertain thee,  
Having a love without the faults of women,  
And greater in her perfect goods then men:  
Which to make good, and please my selfe the stronger,  
Though certainly I am certain of her love,  
I'll try her, that the world and memory  
May sing to after times her constancie.

*Luce*, *Luce*, awake. *Luce*, Why do you fright me friend,  
With those distempered looks? what makes your sword  
Drawn in your hand? who hath offended you?  
I prethee *Iasper* sleep, thou art wilde with watching,

*Iasp*. Come make your way to Heaven, and bid the World  
(With all the villanies that stick upon it)

Farewell; you're for another life? *Luce*. Oh *Iasper*!

How have my tender yeers committed evill,  
(Especially against the man I love)

Thus to be cropt untimely? *Iasp*. Foolish girle,

Canst thou imagine I could love his daughter!

That flung me from my fortune into nothing?

Discharged me his service, shut the doores

Upon my poverty, and scorn'd my prayers,

Sending me, like a boat without a mast,

To sink or swim? Come, by this hand you die,

I must have life and bloud to satisfie

Your fathers wrongs.

*Wife*. Away *George*, away, raise the Watch at *Ludgate*, and  
bring a *Mittimus* from the Justice for this desperate Villaine.  
Now I charge you Gentlemen, see the Kings peace kept. O my  
heart what a varlet's this, to offer man-slaughter upon the harm-  
lesse Gentlewoman?

*Cit*. I warrant thee (sweet heart) wee'l have him hampered.

*Luce*. Oh *Iasper*! be not cruell,  
If thou wilt kill me, smite, and do it quickly.  
And let not many deaths appeare before me.



*The Knight of the burning Pestle.*

I am a woman made of feare and love,  
A weake, weake woman, kill not wiuh thy eyes,  
They shoote me through and through. Strike I am ready.  
And dying still I love thee.

*Enter Merchant, Humphrey and his men.*

*Merch.* Whereabouts?

*Iasp.* No more of this, now to my selfe again.

*Hum.* There, there he stands with sword like martiall Knight  
Drawn in his hand, therefore beware the fight  
You that are wise: for were I good sir *Bevis*,  
I would not stay his comming, by your leaves.

*Merc.* Sirrah, restore my daughter. *Iasp.* Sirrah, no.

*Merch.* Upon him then.

*Wife.* So, down with him, down with him, down with him:  
cut him i' the leg boyes, cut him i' th' leg.

*Merc.* Come your wayes Minion, I'le provide a Cage for you,  
you're grown so tame. Horse her away.

*Hum.* Truly I'me glad your forces have the day.

*Exeunt.*

*Iasp.* They are gone, and I am hurt, my Love is lost,  
Never to get again. Oh me unhappy!

*manet*

Bleed, bleed, and die, I cannot: Oh my folly!  
Thou hast betraid me, Hope where art thou fled?

*Iasper.*

Tell me if thou be'st any where remayning.

Shall I but see my love again? Oh no!

She will not daigne to look upon her Butcher,

Nor is it fit she should; yet I must venter.

Oh chance, or fortune, or what ere thou art

That men adore for powerfull, heare my cry,

And let me loving live; or losing die.

*Exit.*

*Wife.* Is a gone *George*?

*Cit.* I conny.

*Wife.* Marry and let him go (sweet heart) by the faith a my bo-  
dy a has put me into such a fright, that I tremble (as they say) as  
'twere an Aspine leafe: looke a my little finger *George*, how it  
shakes: now in truth every member of my body is the worse fort.

*Cit.* Come, hug in mine armes sweet Mause, hee shall not  
fright

*The Knight of the burning Pestle.*

fright thee any more : alas mine own dear heart, how it quivers.

*Enter Mistress Merry-thought, Rafe, Michael, Squire,  
Dwarfe, Host, and a Tapster.*

*Wife.* O *Rafe*, how dost thou *Rafe*? how hast thou slept to night? has the Knight us'd thee well?

*Cit.* Peace *Nel*, let *Rafe* alone.

*Tapst.* Master, the reckoning is not paid.

*Rafe.* Right courteous Knight, who for the orders sake  
Which thou hast tane, hang'st out the holy *Bell*,  
As I this flaming Pestle beare about,  
We render thanks to your puissant selfe,  
Your beauteous Lady, and your gentle Squires,  
For thus refreshing of our wearied limbs,  
Stifned with hard atchievements in wild Defart.

*Tapst.* Sir, there is twelve shillings to pay.

*Rafe.* Thou merry Squire *Tapstero*, thanks to thee,  
For comforting our soules with double Jug,  
And if adventrous Fortune prick thee forth,  
Thou joviall Squire, to follow feats of Arms,  
Take heed thou tender every Ladies cause,  
Every true Knight, and every Damsell faire  
But spill the blood of treacherous *Sarazens*,  
And false enchanters, that with Magick spels,  
Have done to death full many a noble Knight.

*Host.* Thou valiant Knight of the *burning Pestle*, give care to me, there is twelve shillings to pay, and as I am a true Knight, I will not bate a penny.

*Wife.* *George*, I prethee tell mee, must *Rafe* pay twelve shillings now?

*Cit.* No *Nel*, no, nothing but the old Knight is merry with *Rafe*.

*Wife.* O is't nothing else? *Rafe* will be as merry as he.

*Rafe.* Sir Knight, this mirth of yours becomes you well,  
But to requite this liberall courtesie,  
If any of your Squires will follow Arms,  
He shall recive from my Heroick hand

*The Knight of the burning Pestle.*

A Knighthood, by the vertue of this Pestle.

*Host.* Faire Knight, I thank you for your noble offer,  
Therefore gentle Knight,

Twelve shillings you must pay, or I must cap you.

*Wife.* Look *George*, did not I tell thee as much, the Knight of the *Bell* is in earnest, *Rafe* shall not be beholding to him, give him his mony *George*, and let him go snick up.

*Cit.* Cap *Rafe*? no, hold your hand sir Knight of the *Bell*, there's your mony, have you any thing to say to *Rafe* now? cap *Rafe*?

*Wife.* I would you should know it, *Rafe* has friends that will not suffer him to be capt for ten times so much, and ten timesto the end of that, now take thy course *Rafe*.

*M. mer.* Come *Michael*, thou and I will gee home to thy father, he hath enough left to keep us a day or two, and wee'l set fellows abroad to cry our Purse and Casket: Shall we *Michael*?

*Mich.* I, I pray mother, intruth my feet are full of chil-blaines with travelling.

*Wife.* Faith and those chilblaines are a foule trouble: *Mistris Merry-thought* when your youth comes home, let him rub all the soles of his feet, and his heels, and his ankles, with a Mouse-skin; or if none of your can catch a Mouse, when he goes to bed, let him rowle his feet in the warme embers, and I warrant you he shall be well, and you may make him put his fingers between his toes, and smell to them, it's very soveraigne for his head, if he be costive.

*Mist. mer.* Master Knight of the burning Pestle, my sonne *Michael*, and I bid you farewell, I thanke your Worshop hartily for your kindnesse.

*Rafe.* Fare-well faire Ladie, and your tender Squire.

If pricking through these Desarts, I doe heare  
Of any traisterous Knight who through his guile,  
Hath light upon your Casket and your Purse,  
I will despoile him of them and restore them.

*Mist. mer.* I thank your Worshop. *Exit with Michael.*

*Rafe.* Dwarfse beare my shield, Squire elevate my lance,  
And now farewell you Knight of holy *Bell*.

*Cit.* I, I *Rafe*, all is paid.



*The Knight of the burning Pestle.*

*Rafe.* But yet before I go, speak worthy Knight,  
If ought you do of sad adventures know,  
Where errant Knights may through his prowesse winne  
Eternall fame, and free some gentle souls,  
From endlesse bounds of steel and lingring pain.

*Host.* Sirrah go to *Nick the Barber*, and bid him prepare himself, as I told you before quickly.

*Tap.* I am gone sir.

*Exit Tapster.*

*Host.* Sir Knight, this Wildernesse affordeth none  
But the great venture, where full many a Knight  
Hath tride his prowesse, and come off with shame,  
And where I would not have you lose your life,  
Against no man, but furious fiend of Hell.

*Rafe.* Speak on Sir Knight, tell what he is, and where:  
For here I vow upon my blazing badge,  
Never to blaze a day in quietnesse ;  
But bread and water will I onely eat,  
And the green herb and rock shall be my couch  
Till I have queld that man, or beast, or fiend,  
That works such damage to all Errant Knights.

*Host.* Not far from hence, neer a craggy cliffe  
At the North end of this distressed Town,  
There doth stand a lowly house  
Ruggedly builded, and in it a Cave  
In which an ugly Giant now doth won,  
Ycleped *Barbaroso* : in his hand  
He shakes a naked Lance of purest Steele,  
With sleeves turn'd up, and him before he weares,  
A motly garment to preserve his clothes  
From bloud of those Knights which he massacres,  
And Ladies Gentle: without his doore doth hang  
A copper bason, on a prickant Speare;  
At which, no sooner gentle Knights can knock,  
But the shrill sound, fierce *Barbaroso* heares,  
And rushing forth, brings in the Errant Knight,  
And sets him down in an enchanted chaire :  
Then with an Engine, which he hath prepar'd

With

*The Knight of the burning Pestle.*

With forty teeth, he claws his courtly crown,  
Next makes him wink, and underneath his chin,  
He plants a brazen piece of mighty board,  
And knocks his bullets round about his cheeks,  
Whilst with his fingers, and an instrument  
With which he snaps his haire off, he doth fill  
The wretches eares with a most hideous noyse.  
Thus every Knight Adventurer he doth trim,  
And now no creature dares encounter him.

*Rafe.* In Gods Name, I will fight with him, kinde sir,  
Go but before me to this dismall Cave  
Where this huge Giant *Barbaroso* dwels,  
And by that vertue that brave *Rosicleere*,  
That damned brood of ugly Giants slue,  
And *Palmerin Frannarco* overthrew :  
I doubt not but to curbe this Traitor foule,  
And to the Devill send his guilty soule.

*Host.* Brave sprighted Knight, thus far I will performe  
This your request, I'le bring you within sight  
Of this most lothsome place, inhabited  
By a more lothsome man : but dare not stay,  
For his mayn force swoops all he sees away.

*Rafe.* Saint George set on before, march Squire & Page. *Exeunt.*

*Wife.* George, dost think *Rafe* will confound the Giant ?

*Cit.* I hold my cap to-a farthing he does : why *Nel*, I saw  
him wraastle with the great Dutchman, and hurle him.

*Wife.* Faith and that Dutchman was a goodly man, if all things  
were answerable to his bignesse : and yet they say there was a  
Scottishman higher then he, and that they two and a Knight met,  
and saw one another for nothing : but of all the sights that ever  
were in *London*, since I was married, methinks, the little childe  
that was so faire growne about the members, was the prettiest,  
that and the *Hermaphrodite*.

*Cit.* Nay, by your leave *Nel*, *Ninivie* was better.

*Wife.* *Ninivie*, O that was the story of *Ione* and the wall, was  
it not *George* ?

*Cit.* Yes Lam.

*Enter Mistris Merry-thought.*  
*Wife.*

*The Knight of the burning Pestle.*

*Wife.* Look *George*, here comes *Mistris Merry-thought* gaain, and I would have *Rafe* come and fight with the Giant, I tell you true, I long to see't.

*Cit.* Good *Mistris Merri-thought* be gone, I pray you for my sake, I pray you forbear a little, you shall have audience presently, I have a little businesse.

*Wife.* *Mistris Merry-thought* if it please you to refraine your passion a little, till *Rafe* have dispatcht the Giant out of the way, we shall think our selves much bound to thank you: I thank you good *Mistris Merry-thought*. *Exit Mist. Merry-thought.*

*Enter a Boy.*

*Cit.* Boy, come hither, send away *Rafe* and this whore-sonne Giant quickly.

*Boy.* In good faith sir we cannot, you'le utterly spoile our Play, and make it to be hist, and it cost mony, you will not suffer us to go on with our plots, I pray Gentlemen rule him.

*Cit.* Let him come now and dispatch this, and I'le trouble you no more.

*Boy.* Will you give me your hand of that?

*Wife.* Give him thy hand *George*, do, and I'le kisse him, I warrant thee the youth means plainly.

*Boy.* I'le send him to you presently.

*Exit Boy.*

*Wife.* I thanke you little youth, feth the childe hath a sweete breath *George*, but I think it be troubled with the Worms, *Carduus Benedictus* and Mares milke were the onely thing in the world for't. O *Rafe's* here *George*; God send thee good lucke *Rafe*.

*Enter Rafe, Host, Squire, and Dwarfes.*

*Host.* Puissant Knight yonder his Mansion is,  
Lo, where the Speare and Copper Bason are,  
Behold the string on which hangs many a tooth,  
Drawn from the gentle jaw of wandring Knights,  
I dare not stay to sound, he will appeare.

*Exit. Host.*

*Rafe.* O faint not heart, *Susan* my Ladie deare:  
The Coblers Maid in Milkstreet, for whose sake,  
I take these Arms, O let the thought of thee,  
Carry thy Knight through all the advenferous deeds,

And



*The Knight of the burning Pestle.*

And in the honour of thy beauteous selfe,  
May I destroy this monster *Barbarossa*,  
Knock Squire upon the Bason till it breake  
With the shrill strokes, or till the Giant spake.

*Wife.* O George, the Giant, the Giant, now Rase for thy life!

*Barbar.* What fond unknowing wight is this, that dares,  
So rudely knock at *Barbarossa's* Cell,  
Where no man comes, but leaves his fleece behinde?

*Rase.* I, trayterous Caitiffe, who am sent by fate  
To punish all the sad enormities  
Thou hast committed against Ladies gentle,  
And Errant Knights, Traytor to God and men:  
Prepare thy self, this is the dismall houre  
Appointed for thee, to give strict account  
Of all thy beastly treacherous villanies.

*Bar.* Fool-hardy Knight, full soon thou shalt aby  
This fond reproach, thy body will I bang, *Hee takes downe*  
And loe upon that string thy teeth shall hang: *his pole.*  
Prepare thy self, for dead soon shalt thou be.

*Rase.* Saint George for me. *They fight.*

*Barba.* Gargantua for me.

*Wife.* To him Rase, to him, hold up the Giant, set out thy legges  
before Rase.

*Cit.* Falsifie a blow Rase, falsifie a blow, the Giant lies open  
on the left side.

*Wife.* Beare't off, beare't off still; there boy, O Rase's almost  
down, Rase's almost down.

*Rase.* Susan inspire me, now have up again.

*Wife.* Up, up, up, up, up, so Rase, down with him, down with  
him Rase.

*Cit.* Fetch him over the hip boy.

*Wife.* There boy, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, Rase.

*Cit.* No Rase, get all out of him first.

*Rase.* Presumptuous man, see to what desperate end  
Thy treachery hath brought thee, the just Gods,  
Who never prosper those that do despise them,  
For all the villanies which thou hast done

*The Knight of the burning Pestle.*

To Knights and Ladies, now have paid thee home  
By my stiffe arme, a Knight adventurous,  
But say vile wretch, before I send thy soule  
To sad *Avernus*, whither it must go,  
What captives holdst thou in thy fable cave.

*Barb.* Go in and free them all, thou hast the day.

*Rafe.* Go Squire and Dwarf, search in this dreadfull cave,  
And free the wretched prisoners from their bonds.

*Exit Squire and Dwarf.*

*Barb.* I crave for mercy, as thou art a Knight,  
And scornst to spill the bloud of those that beg.

*Rafe.* Thou shewest no mercy, nor shalt thou have any,  
Prepare thy selfe, for thou shalt surely die.

*Enter Squire leading one winking, with a Bason under his chin.*

*Squire.* Behold brave Knight here is one prisoner,  
Whom this wilde man hath used as you see.

*Wife.* This is the wife word I heard the Squire speak.

*Rafe.* Speak what thou art, and how thou hast been us'd,  
That I may give him condigne punishment.

*Kni.* I am a Knight that took my journey post  
Northward from *London*, and in courteous wife,

This Giant train'd me to his den,  
Under pretence of killing of the itch,

And all my body with a powder strew'd,  
That smartes and stings, and cut away my beard,

And my curl'd locks wherein were Ribands ty'd,  
And with a water washt my tender eyes,

Whilst up and down about me still he skippt,  
Whose vertne is, that still my eyes he wip't

With a dry cloth, for this my foule disgrace,  
I shall not dare to look a dog i'th' face.

*Wife.* Alas poore Knight, I relieve him *Rafe*, relieve poore  
Knights whilst you live.

*Rafe.* My trusty Squire convey him to the Town,  
Where he may finde reliefe, adieu faire Knight.

*Exit Knight.*  
*Enter Dwarf leading one with a patch o're his Nose.*

*Dwar.* Puissant Knight of the burning Pestle hight,



*The Knight of the burning Pestle.*

See here another wretch, whom this foule beast  
Hath scorcht and scor'd in this inhumane wise.

*Rafe.* Speak mothy name, and eke thy place of birth,  
And what hath been thy usage in this Cave.

2. *Knight.* I am a Knight, Sir *Pock-hole* is my name,  
And by my birth I am a *Londoner*,  
Free by my Coppy, but my Ancestors  
Were *Frenchmen* all, and riding hard this way,  
Upon a trotting horse my bones did ake,  
And I faint Knight to ease my weary limbes,  
Light at this Cave, when straight this furious fiend,  
With sharpest instrument of purest Steele,  
Did cut the gristle of my Nose away,  
And in the place this velvet playster stands,  
Relieve me gentle Knight out of his hands.

*Wife.* Good *Rafe* relieve sir *Pockhole*, and send him away, for  
in truth his breath stinks.

*Rafe.* Convey him straight after the other Knight:  
Sir *Pockhole* fare you well.

3. *Knight.* Kinde sir goodnight.

*Exit.*

*Cries within.*

*Man.* Deliver us.

*Woman.* Deliver us.

*Wife.* Harke *George*, what a wofull cry there is, I thinke some  
woman lyes in there.

*Woman.* Deliver us.

*Rafe.* What gastly noyse is this? speak *Barbaroso*  
Or by this blazing Steele thy head goes off.

*Barb.* Prisoners of mine, whom I in diet keep,  
Send lower down into the Cave,  
And in a Tub that's heated smocking hot,  
There may they finde them and deliver them.

*Rafe.* Run *Squire* and *Dwarfe*, deliver them with speed.

*Exeunt Squire and Dwarf.*

*Wife.* But will not *Rafe* kill this Giant, surely I am afeard if he  
let him go he will do as much hurt, as ever he did.

*Citizen.* Not so Mause neither, if he could convert him.



*The Knight of the burning Pestle*

*Wife.* I George, if he could convert him; but a Gyant is not so soone converted as one of us ordinary people. There's a pretty Tale of a Witch, that had the Devils marke about her, God blesse us, that had a Gyant to her sonne, that was cald *Lob-lie-by-the fire*, didst never heare it George?

*Enter Squire leading a man with a glasse of Lotion in his hand, and the Dwarf leading a woman with Dyet-bread and Drinke*

*Cit.* Peace Nell, here comes the prisoners.

*Dwar.* Here be these pined wretches manfull Knight, That for this fixe weeks have not seene a wight.

*Raph.* Deliver what you are, and how you came To this sad cave, and what your usage was?

*Man.* I am an errant Knight that followed Armes,

With speare and shield, and in my tender yeares

I stricken was with *Cupids* fiery shaft,

And fell in love with this my Lady deare,

And stole her from her friends in Turne-ball street,

And bore her up and downe from Towne to Towne,

Where we did eate and drinke and Musick heare;

Till at the length, at this unhappy Towne

We did arrive, and comming to this Cave,

This beast us caught, and put us in a Tub,

Where we this two months sweat, and should have done

Another Month, if you had not relieved us.

*Wom.* This bread and water hath our dyet beene,

Together with a rib cut from a neck

Of burned Mutton; hard hath beene our fare

Release us from this ugly Gyants snare.

*Man.* This hath beene halfe the food we have receiv'd,

But onely twice a day for novalty,

He gave a spoonfull of his hearty broth

To each of us, through this same tender quill.

*Pulls out a fringe.*

*Raph.* From this infernall Monster you shall goe;

That useth Knights and gentle Ladies so.

Convey them hence,

*Exeunt man and woman.*

*Cit.*

*The Knight of the burning Pestle.*

*Cit.* Cunny, I can tell thee the Gentlemen like *Rafe*.

*Wife.* I *George*, I see it well enough. Gentlemen I thank you all heartily for gracing my man *Raph*; and I promise you, you shall see him oftner.

*Bar.* Mercy great Knight, I doe recant my ill,  
And henceforth never gentle blood will spill.

*Raph.* I give thee mercy, but yet thou shalt sweare  
Upon my Burning Pestle to performe  
Thy promise utter'd.

*Bar.* I sweare and kisse.

*Raph.* Depart then and amend.  
Come Squire and Dwarf, the Sun growes towards his set,  
And we have many more adventures yet.

*Exeunt.*

*Cit.* Now *Raph* is in this humour, I know he would ha beaten  
all the Boyes in the house, if they had beene set on him.

*Wife.* I *George*, but it is well as it is: I warrant you the gentle-  
men doe consider what it is, to overthrow a Gyant: but looke  
*George*, here comes Mistris *Merry-thought* and her son *Michael*;  
now you are welcome Mistris *Merry-thought*, now *Raph* has  
done you may goe on.

*Enter Mistris Merry-thought and Michael.*

*Mist. Mer.* *Micke* my boy?

*Mich.* I forsooth mother.

*Mist. Mer.* Be merry *Mick*, we are at home now: where I  
warrant you, you shall finde the house flung out of the windows:  
Harke, hey dogges, hey, this is the old world y faith with my  
Husband: I get in among them, Ile play them such a lesson,  
that they shall have little list to come scraping hither a-  
gaine. Why Master *Merry-thought*, Husband, *Charles Mer-*  
*ry-thought*.

*Old Mer. within.* If you will sing, and dance, and laugh, and  
hollow, and laugh againe, and then cry there boyes, there: why  
then,

One, two, three, and foure,

We shall be merry within this houre.

*Mist. Mer.* Why *Charles*, doe you not know your owne na-



*The Knight of the burning Pestle.*

turall wife? I say open the doore, and turn me out those mangie companions; 'tis more then time that they were fellow like with you: you are a Gentleman *Charles*, and an old man, and father of two children; and I my selfe (though I say it) by my mothers side, Niece to a Worshipfull Gentleman, and a Conductor, hee has beene three times in his Majesties service at *Chester*, and is now the fourth time; God bleffe him, and his charge upon his journey.

Old Mer. *Go from my window, love go: Go from my window my deere, The winde and the rain will drive you back again, You cannot be lodged heere.*

Hark you Mistris *Merri-thought*, you that walke upon Adventures, and forsake your husband, because hee sings with never a penny in his purse; what shall I think my selfe the worse? Faith no, I'll be merry.

You come not heer, here's none but Lads of mettle, lives of a hundred yeers, and upwards, care never drunk their blouds, nor want made them warble.

Hey-ho, my heart is heavy.

Mist. mer. Why M. *Merrithought*, what am I that you should laugh me to scorn thus abruptly? am I not your fellow-feeler (as we may say) in all our miseries? your comforter in health and sicknesse? have I not brought you Children? are they not like you *Charles*? look upon thine own Image, hard-harted man; and yet for all this —

Old mer. within. Begon, begon my juggy, my puggy, begon my love my deere.

The weather is warm, 'twill do thee no harm; thou canst not be lodged heere.

Be merry boyes, some light musicke, and more wine.

Wife. He's not in earnest, I hope *George*, is he?

Cit. What if he be, sweet heart?

Wife. Marry if he be *George*, I'll make bold to tell him hee's an ingrant old man, to use his bed-fellow so scurvily.

Cit. What how does he use her Hony?

Wife.



*The Knight of the burning Pestle.*

*Wife.* Mary come up sir sauce-boxe, I thinke you'l take his part, will you not? Lord how hot are you grown: you are a fine man an you had a fine Dog, it becomes you sweetly.

*Cit.* Nay, prethee *Nell* chide not: for as I am an honest man, and a true Christian Grocer, I do not like his doings.

*Wife.* I cry you mercy then *George*, you know we are all fraile, and full of infirmities. Dee heare Master *Merri-thought*, may I crave a word with you?

*Old mer. within.* Strike up lively Lads.

*Wife.* I had not thought in truth, Master *Merri-thought*, that a man of your age and discretion (as I may say) being a Gentleman, and therefore known by your gentle conditions, could have used so little respect to the weaknesse of his wife: for your wife is your own flesh, the staffe of your age, your yoke-fellow, with whose help you draw through the myre of this transitory world: Nay, she's your own rib. And again ———

*Old mer.* I come not hither for thee to teach,  
I have no pulpit for thee to preach,  
I would thou hadst kist me under the breech,  
As thou art a Lady gay.

*Wife.* Mary with a vengeance,  
I am heartily sorry for the poore Gentlewoman: but if I were thy wife, i' faith gray-beard, i' faith ———

*Cit.* I prethee sweet Hony-suckle, be content.

*Wife.* Give mee such words that am a Gentlewoman borne,  
hang him hoary Rascall. Get mee some drinke *George*, I am almost molten with fretting: now belshrew his Knaves heart for it, ———

*Old mer.* Play mee a light *Lavalto*: come, be frolick, fill the good fellows wine.

*Mist. mer.* Why Master *Merri-thought*, are you disposed to make me wait here: you'l open I hope, I'le fetch them that shall open else ———

*Old mer.* Good woman, if you will sing, I'le give you something, if not ———

Song.

*The Knight of the burning Pestle.*

Song.

*You are no love for me Margret, I am no love for you.  
Come aloft Boyes, aloft.*

*Mist. mer.* Now a Charles fart in your teeth sir : Come *Micke*, we'l not trouble him, a shal not ding us i'th' teeth with his bread and his broth: that he shall not; come boy, I'le provide for thee, I warrant thee : wee'l go to Master *Venterwels* the Merchant, I'le get his letter to mine Host of the *Bell* in *Waltham*, there I'le place thee with the Tapster; will not that do well for thee *Mick*? and let me alone for that old Cuckoldly Knave your father, I'le use him in his kinde, I warrant yee.

*Wife.* Come *George*, where's the beere?

*Cit.* Here Love.

*Wife.* This old fornicating fellow will not out of my minde yet; Gentlemen, I'le begin to you all, and I desire more of your acquaintance, with all my heart. Fill the Gentlemen some beere *George*.

*Finis Actus tertii. Musick.*

*Actus quartus, Scœna prima.*

*Boy danceth.*

*Wife.* Look *George*, the little boy's come again, me thinks, hee looks something like the Prince of *Orange* in his long stocking, if he had a little harnessse about his neck. *George*, I will have him dance *Fading*; *Fading*, is a fine Jig I'le assure you Gentlemen: begin brother, now a capers sweet heart, now a turn a th' toe, and then tumble: cannot you tumble youth?

*Boy.* No indeed forsooth.

*Wife.* Nor eat fire?

*Boy.* Neither.

*Wife.* Why then I thank you heartily, there's two pence to buy you points withall.

*Enter Iasper and Boy.*

*Iasp.* There boy, deliver this: but do it well. Hast thou provided me foure lusty fellows?

Able



*The Knight of the burning Pestle.*

Able to carry me? and art thou perfect

In all thy businesse? *Boy.* Sir you need not feare,

I have my lesson here, and cannot misse it :

The men are ready for you, and what else

Pertains to this employment. *Iasp.* There my boy,

Take it, but buy no land. *Boy.* Faith sir 'twere rare

To see so young a purchaser : I flie,

And on my wings carry your destiny.

*Exit.*

*Iasp.* Go, and be happy. Now my latest hope

Forsake me not, but fling thy Anchor out,

And let it hold : stand fixt thou rolling stone,

Till I enjoy my dearest : heare me all

You powers that rule in men celestiall.

*Exit.*

*Wife.* Go thy wayes, thou art as crooked a sprig as ever grew in *London*; I warrant him hee'l come to some naughty end or other : for his looks say no lesse : Besides, his father (you know *George*) is none of the best, you heard him take mee up like a Gill flint, and sing bawdy Songs upon me : but i' faith if I live *George*——

*Cit.* Let me alone sweet-heart, I have a trick in my head shall lodge him in the Arches for one yeare, and make him sing *Pecavi*, ere I leave him, and yet he shall never know who hurt him neither.

*Wife.* Do my good *George*, do.

*Cit.* What shall we have *Rafe* do now boy ?

*Boy.* You shall have what you will sir.

*Cit.* Why so sir, go and fetch me him then, and let the *Sophy* of *Persia* come and christen him a childe.

*Boy.* Believe me sir, that will not do so well, 'tis stale, it has been had before at the Red Bull.

*Wife.* *George*, let *Rafe* travell over great hils, and let him be weary, and come to the King of *Cracovia*'s house, covered with velvet, and there let the Kings daughter stand in her window all in beaten gold, combing her golden locks with a combe of Ivory, and let her spy *Rafe*, and fall in love with him, and come down to him, and carry him into her fathers house, and then let *Rafe* talk with her.

H

*Cit.*



*The Knight of the burning Pestle.*

*Cit.* Well said *Nel*, it shall be so: boy let's ha't done quickly.

*Boy.* Sir, if you will imagine all this to be done already, you shall heare them talke together: but wee cannot present a house covered with black Velvet, and a Lady in beaten gold.

*Cit.* Sir Boy, lets ha't as you can then.

*Boy.* Besides, it will shew ill-favouredly to have a Grocers Prentice to court a Kings daughter.

*Cit.* Will it so sir? you are well read in Histories: I pray you what was sir *Dagonet*? was not hee Prentice to a Grocer in *London*? read the Play of the *Four Prentises of London*, where they toss their Pikes so: I pray you fetch him in sir, fetch him in.

*Boy.* It shall be done, it is not our fault Gentlemen. *Exit.*

*Wife.* Now we shall see fine doings I warrant thee *George*. O here they come; how prettily the King of *Cracovia's* daughter is drest.

*Enter Rafe and the Lady, Squire and Dwarf.*

*Cit.* I *Nell*, it is the fashion of that Country, I warrant thee.

*Lady.* Welcome sir Knight unto my fathers Court.

King of *Moldavia*, unto me *Pompiona*

His daughter deare: but sure you do not like

Your entertainment, that will stay with us

No longer but a night. *Raph.* Damsell right faire,

I'm on many sad adventures bound,

That call me forth into the Wildernesse:

Besides, my horses back is something gal'd,

Which will enforce me ride a sober pace.

But many thanks (faire Lady) be to you,

For using errant Knight with courtesie.

*Lady.* But say (brave Knight) what is your name and birth?

*Rafe.* My name is *Rafe*, I am an Englishman,

As true as Steele, a hearty Englishman,

And Prentice to a Grocer in the Strand,

By deed indent, of which I have one part:

But fortune calling me to follow Arms,

On me this holy Order I did take,

Of *burning Pestle*, which in all mens eyes,

*The Knight of the burning Pestle.*

I beare, confounding Ladies enemies.

*Lady.* Oft have I heard of your brave Countrymen,  
And fertile soile, and store of wholesome food ;  
My father oft will tell me of a drink  
In *England* found, and *Nipitato* call'd.  
Which driveth all the sorrow from your hearts.

*Rafe.* Lady 'tis true, you need not lay your lips  
To better *Nipitato* then there is.

*Lady.* And of a wild-fowle he will often speak,  
Which poudred beef and mustard called is :  
For there have been great wars 'twixt us and you,  
But truly *Rafe* it was not long of me.

Tell me then *Rafe* could you contented be,  
To weare a Ladies favour in your shield ?

*Rafe.* I am a Knight of Religious Order,  
And will not weare a favour of a Ladies  
That trusts in Antichrist, and false traditions.

*Cit.* Well said *Rafe*, convert her if thou canst.

*Rafe.* Besides, I have a Lady of my own  
In merry *England*, for whose vertuous sake  
I took these Arms, and *Susan* is her name,  
A Coblers maid in Milkstreet, whom I vow  
Nere to forsake, whilst life and Pestle last.

*Lady.* Happy that Cobling Dame, who ere she be  
That for her owne (deare *Rafe*) hath gotten thee.  
Unhappy I, that nere shall see the day  
To see thee more, that bear'st my heart away.

*Rafe.* Lady farewell, I needs must take my leave.

*Lady.* Hard-hearted *Rafe*, that Ladies dost deceive.

*Cit.* Harke thee *Rafe*, there's money for thee ; give  
something in the King of *Cracovia's* house, be not beholding  
to him.

*Rafe.* Lady before I goe, I must remember  
Your fathers Officers, who truth to tell,  
Have beene about me very diligent:  
Hold up thy snowy hand thou princely maid,  
There's twelvepence for your fathers Chamberlaine.



*The Knight of the burning Pestle.*

And another shilling for his Cook,  
For by my troth the Goose was roasted well.  
And twelve pence for your fathers Horse-keeper,  
For nointing my horse back, and for his butter  
There is another shilling to the Maid  
That washt my boot-hose, there's an English groat,  
And twopence to the boy that wip't my boots.  
And last, faire Lady, there is for your selfe  
Three pence to buy you pins at *Bumba Faire*.

*Lady*. Full many thanks, and I will keep them safe  
Till all the heads be off, for thy sake *Rafe*.

*Rafe*. Advance my Squire and Dwarf, I cannot stay.

*Lady*. Thou kil'st my heart in parting thus away. *Exeunt.*

*Wife*. I commend *Rafe* yet that hee will not stoop to a *Cracovian*,  
there's properer women in *London* then any are there  
I-wis. But here comes Master *Humphrey* and his Love again now  
*George*.

*Cit*. I Cunny, peace.

*Enter, Merchant, Humphrey, Luce, and Boy.*

*Merc*. Go get you up, I will not be intreated.  
And Gossip mine I'le keep you sure hereafter  
From gadding out again, with boyes and unthrifts.  
Come they are womens teares, I know your fashion.  
Go sirrah, lock her in, and keep the key. *Exit Luce, and Boy,*  
Safe as you love your life. Now my sonne *Humphrey*,  
You may both rest assured of my love  
In this, and reap your own desire.

*Hum*. I see this love you speak of, through your daughter.  
Although the hole be little, and hereafter  
Will yield the like in all I may or can,  
Fitting a Christian, and a Gentleman.

*Merc*. I do believe you (my good sonne) and thank you  
For 'twere an impudence to think you flattered.

*Hum*. It were indeed, but shall I tell you why,  
I have been beaten twice about the lie.

*Mer*. Well sonne, no more of complement, my daughter  
Is yours again; appoint the time and take her.

Wee'le



*The Knight of the burning Pestle.*

Wee'le have no stealing for it, I my selfe  
And some few of our friends will see you married.

*Hum.* I would you would i' faith, for be it known  
I ever was afraid to lie alone.

*Mer.* Some three dayes hence then.

*Hum.* Three dayes let me see,  
'Tis somewhat of the most, yet I agree,  
Because I mean against the pointed day,  
To visit all my friends in new array.

*Enter servant.*

*Ser.* Sir, there's a Gentlewoman without would speake with  
your Worship. *Mer.* What is shee?

*Ser.* Sir I askt her not.

*Mer.* Bid her come in.

*Enter Mistris Merry-thought and Michael.*

*Mist. mer.* Peace be to your Worship, I come as a poore Suitor  
to you sir, in the behalfe of this child.

*Mer.* Are you not wife to *Merri-thought*.

*Mist. mer.* Yes truly, would I had nere seene his eyes, he has  
undone me and himselfe, and his children, and there hee lives at  
home and sings, and hoyts, and revels among his drunken com-  
panions, but I warrant you, where to get a penny to put bread  
in his mouth, he knows not: And therefore if it like your Wor-  
ship, I would intreat your Letter, to the honest Host of the *Bell*  
in *Waltham*, that I may place my childe under the protection of  
his *Tapster*, in some settled course of life.

*Mer.* I'me glad the heavens have heard my prayers: thy hus-  
band When I was ripe in sorrows laugh at me, (band  
Thy sonne like an unthankfull wretch, I having  
Redeem'd him from his fall, and made him mine,  
To shew his love again, first stole my daughter,  
Then wrongd this Gentleman, and last of all,  
Gave me that griefe, had almost brought me down  
Unto my grave, had not a stronger hand  
Reliev'd my sorrows, go, and weep as I did,  
And be unpittied, for I here professe  
An everlasting hate to all thy name.

*Mist. mer.* Will you so sir, how say you by that? come *Micke*,

*The Knight of the burning Pestle.*

let him keep his winde to cool his Pottage, we'le go thy to Nur-  
ses, *Micke*, she knits silk stockings boy, and we'le knit to boy,  
and be beholding to none of them all.

*Exeunt Michael and mother.*

*Enter a Boy with a letter.*

*Boy.* Sir, I take it you are the Master of this house.

*Mer.* How then boy?

*Boy.* Then to your selfe sir comes this Letter.

*Mer.* From whom my pretty boy?

*Boy.* From him that was your servant but no more  
Shall that name ever be, for he is dead,  
Griefe of your purchas'd anger broke his heart,  
I saw him die, and from his hand receiv'd  
This paper with a charge to bring it hither,  
Read it, and satisfie your selfe in all.

*Letter.*

*Merch.* **S***ir that I have wronged your love, I must confesse, in  
which I have purchast to my selfe, besides mine own un-  
doing, the ill opinion of my friends. let not your anger, good Sir, out-  
live me, but suffer me to rest in peace with your forgivenesse; let my  
body (if a dying man may so much prevaile with you) be brought to  
your daughter, that shee may know my hot flames are now buried,  
and withall, receive a testimony of the zeale I bore her vertue:  
farewell for ever, and be ever happie.*

*Iasper.*

Gods hand is great in this, I do forgive him,  
Yet I am glad he's quiet, where I hope  
He will not bite again: boy bring the body,  
And let him have his will, if that be all.

*Boy.* 'Tis here without sir. *Mer.* So sir, if you please  
You may conduct it in, I do not feare it.

*Hum.* I'le be your Usher boy, for though I say it,  
He ow'd me somthing once, and well did pay it.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Luce alone.*

*Luce.* If there be any punishment inflicted  
Upon the miserable, more then yet I feele,  
Let it together seize me, and at once

*Presse*



*The Knight of the burning Pestle.*

Preſſe down my ſoule, I cannot beare the pain  
Of theſe delaying tortures: thou that art  
The end or all, and the ſweet reſt of all;  
Come, come oh Death bring me to thy peace,  
And blot out all the memory I nourish  
Both of father and my cruell friend.  
O wretched maid ſtill living to be wretched,  
To be a ſay to fortune in her changes,  
And grow to number times and woes together,  
How happy had I been, if being born  
My grave had been my cradle?

*Enter ſervant.*

*Ser.* By your leave

Yong Miſtris, here's a boy hath brought a Coffin,  
What a would ſay I know not: but your father  
Charg'd me to give you notice, here they come.

*Enter two bearing a Coffin, Jaſper in it.*

*Luce.* For me I hope 'tis come, and 'tis moſt welcome.

*Boy.* Faire Miſtris, let me not adde greater grieve  
To that great ſtore you have already; *Jaſper*  
That whilſt he liv'd was yours, now dead;  
And here enclos'd, commanded me to bring  
His body hither, and to crave a teare  
From thoſe faire eyes, though he deſerve not pitty,  
To deck his Funerall; for ſo he bid me  
Tell her for whom he di'de.

*Luce.* He ſhall have many:

Good friends depart a little, whilſt I take

My leave of this dead man, that once I lov'd:

Hold, yet a little, life, and then I give thee

To thy firſt heavenly being; O my friend!

Haſt thou deceiv'd me thus, and got before me?

I ſhall not long be after, but believe me,

Thou wert too cruell *Jaſper* 'gainſt thy ſelf,

In puniſhing the fault I could have pardoned,

With ſo untimely death; thou didſt not wrong me;

But ever wer'ſt moſt kinde, moſt true, moſt loving;

And I the moſt unkinde, moſt falſe, moſt cruell.

Didſt thou but aſke a teare? I'll give thee all,

*Exeunt Coffin-  
carrier and Boy.*

*Even*



*The Knight of the burning Pestle.*

Even all my eyes can powre down all my sigh's  
And all my selfe, before thou goest from me  
There are but sparing Rites : But if thy soule  
Be yet about this place, and can behold  
And see what I prepare to deck thee with,  
It shall go up, born on the wings of peace,  
And satisfied : first will I sing thy Dirge,  
Then kisse thy pale lips, and then die my selfe,  
And fill on Coffin and on grave together.

*Song.*

*Come you whose loves are dead,  
And whiles I sing  
Weep and wring  
Every hand and every head,  
Binde with Cipres and sad Ewe,  
Ribbands black, and Candles blue,  
For him that was of men most true.*

*Come with heavie mourning,  
And on his grave  
Let him have  
Sacrifice of sighes and groaning,  
Let him have faire flowres enow,  
White and purple, green and yellow,  
For him that was of men most true.*

Thou sable cloth, sad cover of my joyes,  
I lift thee up, and thus I meet with death.

*Iasp.* And thus you meet the living. *Luce.* Save me Heaven.

*Iasp.* Nay, do not flie me faire, I am no spirit,  
Look better on me, do you know me yet ?

*Luce.* O thou deare shadow of my friend.

*Iasp.* Deare substance,  
I sweare I am no shadow, feele my hand,  
It is the same it was, I am your *Iasper*,  
Your *Iasper* that's yet living, and yet loving,  
Pardon my rash attempt, my foolish prooffe

*The Knight of the burning Pestle.*

I put in practice of your constancy :  
For sooner should my sword have drunke my blood,  
And set my soule at liberty, then draw  
The least drop from that body; for which boldnesse  
Doom me to any thing : if death, I take it  
And willingly. *Luce.* This death I'll give you for it,  
So, now I am satisfied : you are no spirit,  
But my own truest, truest, truest friend,  
Why do you come thus to me ?

*Iasp.* First, to see you,  
Then to convey you hence.

*Luce.* It cannot be,  
For I am lockt up here, and watcht at all houres,  
That 'tis impossible for me to scape.

*Iasp.* Nothing more possible, within this Coffin  
Do you convey your self, let me alone,  
I have the wits of twenty men about mee,  
Onely I crave the shelter of your Closet.  
A little, and then feare me not ; creep in  
That they may presently convey you hence :  
Feare nothing dearest love, I'll be your second,  
Lie close, so, all goes well yet ; Boy.

*Boy.* At hand sir.

*Iasp.* Convey away the Coffin, and be wary.

*Boy.* 'Tis done already.

*Iasp.* Now must I go conjure.

*Exit.*

*Enter Merchant.*

*Merch.* Boy, boy.

*Boy.* Your servant sir.

*Merch.* Do me this kindnesse boy, hold here's a crown: Before  
thou bury the body of this fellow, carry it to his old merry fa-  
ther, and salute him from me; and bid him sing, he bath cause.

*Boy.* I will sir.

*Merch.* And then bring me word what tune he is in, and have  
another crown: but do it truly.  
I have fitted him a bargain, now, will vex him



*The Knight of the burning Pestle.*

*Boy.* God blesse your Worships health sir.

*Merch.* Farewell boy.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Master Merry-thought.*

*Wife.* Ah old *Merry-thought*, art thou there againe? let's heare some of thy songs.

*Old Mer.* *Who can sing a merrier note  
Than he that cannot change a groat?*

Not a Dinner left, and yet my heart leaps; I doe wonder yet, as old as I am, that any man will follow a Trade, or serve, that may sing and laugh, and walke the streets: my wife and both my sonnes are I know not where, I have nothing left, nor know I how to come by meat to supper, yet am I merry still; for I know I shall finde it upon the Table at fixe a Clocke; therefore hang Thought.

I would not be a Servingman to carrie the cloke-bag still, Nor would I be a Fawlcner the greedy Hawkes to fill. But I would be in a good house and have a good Master too: But I would eat and drink of the best, & no work would I doe.

This is that keepe life and soule together, mirth: this is the Philosophers stone that they write so much on, that keeps a man ever yong.

*Enter a Boy.*

*Boy.* Sir, they say they know all your mony is gone, and they will trust you for no more drinke.

*Old mer.* Will they not? let 'em chuse: the best is I have mirth at home, and need not send abroad for that; let them keep their drinke to themselves.

For *Jillian of Berry* she dwells on a Hill,  
And she hath good Beere and Ale to sell,  
And of good fellowes she thinks no ill,  
And thither will we goe now, now, now, and thither  
Will we goe now.

And when you have made a little stay,  
You need not know what is to pay,  
But kisse your Hostesse and goe your way. And thither, &c.

*Enter another Boy.*

*2 Boy.* Sir, I can get no bread for supper.

*Old mer.*



*The Knight of the burning Pestle.*

*Old mer.* Hang bread and supper, let's preserve our mirth, and we shall never feeble hunger, I'll warrant you, let's have a Catch, boy follow me, come sing this Catch.

*Ho, ho, no body at home, meat, nor drink, nor money ha we none, fill the pot Eedy, never more need I.*

*Old. mer.* So boyes enough, follow mee, let's change our place and we shall laugh afresh.

*Exeunt.*

*Wife.* Let him go *George*, a shall not have any countenance from us, not a good word from any i'th' Company, if I may strike stroke in't.

*Cit.* No more, a shannot love; but *Nel*, I will have *Rafe*, doe a very notable matter now, to the eternall honour and glory of all *Grocers*: sirrah you there boy, can none of you heare?

*Boy.* Sir, your pleasure.

*Cit.* Let *Rafe* come out on May day in the morning, and speak upon a Conduit with all his Scarfs about him, and his Feathers, and his Rings, and his Knacks.

*Boy.* Why sir, you do not think of our plot, what will become of that then?

*Cit.* Why sir, I care not what become on't, I'll have him come out, or I'll fetch him out my self, I'll have something done in honour of the City: besides he hath been long enough upon Adventures, bring him out quickly, or if I come amongst you —

*Boy.* Well sir, he shall come out, but if our Play miscarry, sir, you are like to pay for't.

*Exit.*

*Cit.* Bring him away then.

*Wife.* This will be brave i' faith: *George* shall not see dance the Morrice too for the credit of the Strand.

*Cit.* No sweet-heart it will be too much for the boy. O there he is *Nel*, he's reasonable well in reparell, but he has not Rings enough.

The Knight of the burning Pestle.

Enter Rafe.

Rafe. London to thee I do present the merry month of May.  
Let each true Subject be content to heare me what I say:  
For from the top of Conduit head, as plainly may appeare,  
I will both tell my name to you, and wherefore I came here.  
My name is Rafe, by due discent, though not ignoble I,  
Yet farre inferiour to the flock of gracious Groceries.  
And by the Common-councell of my fellows in the Strand,  
With gilded Staff, and crossed Skarfe, the May-lord here I stand.  
Rejoyce ô English hearts, rejoyce, rejoyce ô Lovers deare,  
Rejoyce ô Citie, Town, and Country, rejoyce eke every Shire;  
For now the fragrant flowers do spring and sprout in seemly sort,  
The little Birds do sit and sing, the Lambs do make fine sport.  
And now the Barchin Tree doth bud that makes the Schoolboy cry,  
The Mornice rings while Hobby-horse doth foot it feateously:  
The Lords and Ladies now abroad for their disport and play,  
Do kisse sometimes upon the Grasse, and sometimes in the Hey.  
Now Butter with a leafe of Sage is good to purge the blood,  
Fly Venus and Phlebotomy for they are neither good.  
Now little fish on tender stone, begin to cast their bellies,  
And slug-cats snails, that erst were mure, do creep out of their shelles,  
The rumbling Rivers now do warm for little boyes to peddle,  
The sturdie Steed, now goes to grasse, and up they hang his saddle.  
The heavy Hart, the blowing Buck, the Rascall and the Pricket,  
Are now among the Teomans Pease, and leave the fearfull thicket.  
And be like them, ô you, I say, of this same noble Towne,  
And lift aloft your velvet heads, and slipping of your gowne:  
With bells on legs, and napkins cleane unto your shoulders in de,  
With Scarfs and Garters as you please, and Hey for our Town cry'd:  
March out and shew your willing minde, by twenty, and by twenty,  
To Hogsdon or to Newington, where Ale and Cakes are plenty.  
And let it nere be said for shame, that we the youths of London,  
Lay iburning of our caps at home, and left our custome undone.  
Up then I say, both yong and old, both man and maid a Maying  
With Drums and Guns that bounce alowd, and merry Taber playing.  
Which to prolong, God save our King, and send his Country peace,  
And root out Treason from the Land, and so my friends I cease.

Finis Act. 4.

Actus.



*The Knight of the burning Pestle.*

*Actus quintus , Scœna prima.*

*Enter Merchant solus.*

*Merch.* I will have no great store of company at the wedding;  
a couple of neighbours and their wives, and wee will have a Cap-  
pon in stewed broth, with marrow , and a good piece of beefe,  
stuck with Rose-mary.

*Enter Iasper and his face mealed.*

*Iasp.* Forbeare thy pains fond man, it is too late.

*Merch.* Heaven blesse me : *Iasper?*

*Iasp.* I, I am his Ghost

Whom thou hast injur'd for his constant love :  
Fond worldly wretch, who dost not understand  
In death that true hearts cannot parted be.  
First know thy daughter is quite born away,  
On wings on Angels: through the liquid Ayre  
Too farre out of thy reach; and never more  
Shalt thou behold her face: But she and I  
Will in another world enjoy our loves,  
Where neither fathers anger, poverty,  
Nor any crosse that troubles earthly men  
Shall make us sever our united hearts;  
And never shalt thou sit, or be alone  
In any place, but I will visit thee  
With gastly looks, and put into thy minde  
The great offences which thou didst to me.  
When thou art at thy Table with thy friends,  
Merry in heart, and fill'd with swelling wine,  
I'll come in midst of all thy pride and mirth,  
Invisible to all men but thy self,  
And whisper such a sad tale in thine eare,  
Shall make thee let the Cup fall from thy hand,  
And stand as mute and pale as Death it self.

*Merch.* Forgive me *Iasper*; Oh! what might I do?



*The Knight of the burning Pestle.*

Tell me to satisfie thy troubled Ghost ?

*Iasp.* There is no means too late thou thinkst on this.

*Mer.* But tell me what were best for me to doe ?

*Iasp.* Repent thy deed, and satisfie my father,  
And beat fond *Humphrey* out of thy doores.

*Exit Iasp.*

*Enter Humphrey.*

*Wife.* Look *George*, his very Ghost would have folks beaten. ;

*Hum.* Father, my Bride is gone, faire Mistris *Luce*,  
My soul's the fount of vengeance, mischiefs sluice.

*Mer.* Hence foole out of my sight, with thy fond passion,  
Thou hast undone me.

*Hum.* Hold my father deare,  
For *Luce* thy daughters sake, that had no peere.

*Mer.* Thy father foole? there's some blows more, begon.

*Iasper*, I hope thy Ghost be well appeased,  
To see thy will perform'd, now I'll go  
To satisfie thy father for thy wrongs.

*Exit.*

*Hum.* What shall I doe? I have been beaten twice.  
And Mistris *Luce* is gone? help me device:

Since my tru-love is gone, I never more,  
Whilst I do live upon the Skie will pore ;  
But in the dark will weare out my shoo-soles  
In passion, in Saint *Faiths* Church under *Pauls*.

*Exit.*

*Wife.* *George* call *Rafe* hither, if you love me call *Rafe* hither, I  
have the bravest thing for him to doe *George* ; prethee call him  
quickly.

*Cit.* *Rafe*, why *Rafe* boy.

*Enter Rafe.*

*Rafe.* Heer sir.

*Cit.* Come hither *Rafe*, come to thy Mistris Boy.

*Wife.* *Rafe* I would have thee call all the youths together in  
battle-ray, with Drums, and Guns, and Flags, and march to Mile-  
end in pompous fashion, and there exhort your Souldiers to be  
merry and wise, and to keep their beards from burnig *Rafe*, and  
then skirmish, and let your Flags flie, and cry, kill, kill, kill ; my  
husband shall lend you his Jerkin *Rafe*, and there's a Scarfe ; for  
the rest, the house shall furnish you, and wee'll pay for't : doe it  
bravely

*The Knight of the burning Pestle.*

bravely *Raph*, and thinke before whom you performe, and what person you represent.

*Raph*. I warrant you Mistresse, if I do it not for the honour of the City, and the credit of my Master, let me never hope for freedom.

*Wif*. Tis well spoken y<sup>e</sup> faith ; goe thy waies, thou art a sparke indeed.

*Cit*. *Raph*, *Raph*, double your files bravely *Raph*.

*Raph*. I warrant you sir.

*Exit Raph*.

*Cit*. Let him looke narrowly to his service, I shall take him else ; I was there my selfe a Pike-man once, in the hottest of the day, wench, had my feather shot sheere away, the fringe of my pike burnt off with powder, my pate broken with a scouring-sticke, and yet I thanke God I am here.

*Drum within*.

*Wif*. Harke *George* the Drums.

*Cit*. Ran, tan, tan, tan ; ran tan : O wench an thou hadst but seene little *Ned* of *Algate*, drum *Ned*, how he made it roare againe, and laid on like a tyrant : and then stroke softly till the ward came up, and then thundred againe, and together we goe : sa, sa, sa, bounce quoth the guns : courage my hearts, quoth the Captaines : Saint *George*, quoth the pike-men ; and withall here they lay, and there they lay : And yet for all this I am here wench.

*Wif*. Be thankfull for it *George*, for indeed tis wonderfull.

*Enter Raph and his company with Drums and Colours* :

*Raph*. March faire my hearts ; Lievtenant beat the reare up : Ancient let your Colours flie ; but have a great care of the Butchers hooks at White-Chappell, they have bin the death of many a faire Ancient. Open your files, that I may take a view both of your persons and munition : Serjeant call a Muster.

*Serg*. A stand, *William Hamerton Pewterer*.

*Ham*. Here Captaine.

*Raph*. A Corset and a Spanish pike ; tis well, can you shake it with a terrour ?

*Ham*.

*The Knight of the burning Pestle.*

*Hum.* I hope so Captain.

*Rafe.* Charge upon me, tis with the weakest: put more strength  
*William Hamerton*, more strength: as you were again. Proceed  
Serjant.

*Serg.* *George Green-goose* Poulterer.

*Green.* Here.

*Rafe.* Let mee see your Peece neighbour *Green-goose*, when  
was she shot in?

*Green.* And like you Master Captain, I made a shot even now,  
partly to scoure her, and partly for audacity.

*Rafe.* It should seeme so certainly, for her breath is yet infla-  
med: besides, there is a mayn fault in the touch-hole, it runnes  
and stinketh; and I tell you moreover, and believe it. Ten  
such touch-holes would breed the Pox in the Army. Get you  
a Feather, Neighbour, get you a Feather, sweet Oile, and  
Paper, and your Piece may do well enough yet. Where's your  
powder?

*Green.* Here.

*Rafe.* What in a paper? As I am a Souldier, and a Gentleman,  
it craves a Martiall Court: you ought to die for't.  
Where's your horn? answer me to that.

*Green.* An't like you sir, I was oblivious.

*Rafe.* It likes me not it should be so; 'tis a shame for you,  
and a scandall to all our Neighbours, being a man of worth and  
estimation, to leave your horne behinde you: I am afraid  
'twill breed example. But let mee tell you no more on't;  
stand; till I view you all. What's become o'th'nose of your  
flaske?

1. *Souldier.* Indeed law Captaine, 'twas blowne away with  
powder.

*Rafe.* Put on a new one at the Cities charge. Where's the stone  
of this Peece?

2. *Souldier.* The Drummer tooke it out to light Tobac-  
co.

*Rafe.* 'Tis a fault my friend, put it in againe: You want a  
Nose, and you a Stone; Serjeant, take a note on't, for I  
meane to stop it in the pay. Remoove and march, soft and  
faire



*The Knight of the burning Pestle.*

faire Gentlemen, soft and faire : double your files, as you were, faces about. Now you with the sodden face, keep in there : look to your match sirrah, it will be in your fellows flask anone. So, make a Crescent now, advance your Pikes, stand and give care. Gentlemen , Country-men , Friends , and my fellow-souldiers , I have brought you this day from the Shops of Security, and the Counters of Content , to measure out in these furious fields , Honour by the ell ; and prowesse by the pound : Let it not , O let it not , I say , be told hereafter , the noble issue of this Citie fainted : but beare your selves in this faire action, like men , valiant men, and freemen : Feare not the face of the enemy : nor the noyse of the Guns : for believe mee brethren, the rude rumbling of a Brewers Carre is more terrible , of which you have a daily experience : Neither let the stinke of powder offend you, since a more valiant stinke is nightly with you. To a resolved minde, his home is every-where : I speake not this to take away the hope of your return ; for you shall see (I do not doubt it) and that very shortly, your loving wives againe, and your sweet children, whose care doth beare you company in baskets. Remember then whose cause you have in hand, & like a sort of true-born Scavengers, scoure me this famous Realme of enemies. I have no more to say but this : Stand to your tacklings lads, and shew to the world you can as well brandish a sword, as shake an apron. Saint George, and on my harts. *Omnes. Saint George, Saint George. Exeunt.*

*Wife.* 'Twas well done *Rafe* ; I'le send thee a cold Capon a field, and a bottle of March-beere ; and it may be , come my selfe to see thee.

*Cit. Nel,* the boy hath deceived mee much, I did not think it had been in him : he has performed such a matter wench, that if I live, next yeere I'le have him Captain of the Gallifoist , or I'le want my will.

*Enter Old merri-thought.*

*Old mer.* Yet I thanke God , I breake not a rinkle more then I had , not a stoop boyes ? *Care* live with Cats , I desie thee, my heart is as sound as an Oake ; and though I want drinke to wet my whistle, I can sing.

*The Knight of the burning Pestle.*

Come no more there boyes, come no more there :  
For we shall never whilst we live, come any more there.

*Enter a Boy with a Coffin.*

*Boy.* God save you sir.

*Old mer.* It's a brave Boy : canst thou sing ?

*Boy.* Yes sir, I can sing, but 'tis not so necessaric at this time.

*Old mer.* Sing we, and chaunt it, whilst love doth grant it.

*Boy.* Sir, sir, if you knew what I have brought you, you would have little list to sing.

*Old mer.* O the Mimion round, full long I have thee sought.  
And now I have thee found, and what hast thou here brought ?

*Boy.* A Coffin, sir, and your dead sonne *Iasper* in it.

*Old mer.* Dead? why fare-well he :  
Thou wast a bonnie boy, and I did love thee.

*Enter Iasper.*

*Iasp.* Then I pray you sir do so still.

*Old mer.* *Iaspers* Ghost? thou art welcome from Stygian lake  
so soone,

Declare to me what wondrous things in *Pluto's* court are done.

*Ias.* By my troth sir, I nere came there, tis too hot for me sir.

*Old mer.* A merry Ghost, a verie merrie Ghost.  
And where is your true-love ? O where is yours ?

*Ias.* Marry look you sir.

*Heaves up the Coffin.*

*Old mer.* Ah ha ! Art thou good at that i' faith ?  
With hey trixie terlerie-whiskin, the World it runs on wheels,  
When the young mans ——— up goes the Maidens heels.

*Mistris Merry-thought and Michael within.*

*Mist. mer.* What M. *Merri-thought*, will you not let's in ?  
what do you think shall become of us ?

*Old mer.* What voice is that that calleth at our doore ?

*Mist. me.* You know mee well enough, I am sure I have not  
been such a stranger to you.

*Old.*



*The Knight of the burning Pestle.*

*Old. mer.* And some they whistled, and some they sung *Hey, down, down*: and some did lowdly say, ever as the Lord *Barnets* horn blew, away *Musgrave, away.*

*Mist. mer.* You will not have us starve here, will you Master *Merri-thought*?

*Iasp.* Nay, good sir be perswaded, shee is my mother: if her offences have bin great against you, let your own love remember she is yours, and so forgive her.

*Luce.* Good Master *Merri-thought*, let me intreat you, I will not be denied.

*Mist. mer.* Why Master *Merri-thought*, will you be a vext thing still?

*Old mer.* Woman I take you to my love again, but you shall sing before you enter: therefore dispatch your Song, and so come in.

*Mist. mer.* Well, you must have your will when al's done *Mick* what Song canst thou sing Boy?

*Mich.* I can sing none forsooth, but a Ladies daughter of *Paris* properly.

*Mich. Mer. Song.* *It was a Ladies daughter, &c.*

*Old mer.* Come you're welcome home again.  
If such danger be in playing, and jest must to earnest turne, You shall go no more a Maying.

*Merch. within.* Are you within sir, Master *Merri-thought*?

*Iasp.* It is my masters voice, good sir go hold him talk whilst we convey our selves into some inward room.

*Old mer.* What are you? are you merrie? you must be verie merrie if you enter.

*Mer.* I am sir.

*Old mer.* Sing then.

*Mer.* Nay, good sir open to me.

*Old mer.* Sing, I say, or by the merrie heart you come not in.

*Mer.* Well sir, I'll sing.

*Fortune my foe, &c.*

*Old mer.* You are welcome sir, you are welcome: you see your entertainment, pray you be merry.

*Mer.* O Master *Merri-thought*, I am come to aske you



*The Knight of the burning Pestle.*

Forgiveness for the wrongs I offered you,  
And your most vertuous sonne, they're infinite,  
Yet my contrition shall be more then they.  
I do confesse my hardnesse broke his heart,  
For which just Heaven hath given me punishment  
More then my age can carrie, his wandring spirit  
Not yet at rest pursues me every-where,  
Crying. I'll haunt thee for thy cruelty.  
My daughter she is gone I know not how,  
Taken invisible, and whether living,  
Or in grave, 'tis yet uncertain to me.  
O Master *Merry-thought*, these are the weights,  
Will sink me to my grave, forgive me sir.

*Old mer.* Why sir, I do forgive you, and be merry.  
And if the wag, in's life time, plaid the knave.

Can you forgive him too? *Merch.* With all my heart sir.

*Old mer.* Speak it again, and heartily.

*Mer.* I do sir.

Now by my soule I do.

*Old mer.* With that came out his Paramour,  
She was as white as the Lilly floure,  
Hey troule, trolie lolie.

*Enter Luce and Iasper.*

With that came out her own deare Knight,  
He was as true as ever did fight, &c.  
Sir, if you will forgive 'em, clap their hands together, there's no  
more to be said i'th' matter.

*Mar.* I do, I do.

*Cit.* I do not like this, peace boyes, heare me one of you, every  
bodies part is come to an end but *Rafes*, and he's left out.

*Boy.* 'Tis long of your selfe sir, wee have nothing to doe with  
his part.

*Cit.* *Rafe*, Come away; make on him as you have done of the  
rest, boyes come.

*Wife.* Now good husband let him come out and die.

*Cit.* He shall *Nel*, *Rafe*, come away quickly and die boy.

*Boy.* 'Twill be verie unfit he should die sir, upon no occasion,  
and in a Comedie too.

*Cit.* Take

*The Knight of the burning Pestle.*

*Cit.* Take you no care for that fir boy, is not his part at an end, think you, when he's dead? come away *Rafe*.

*Enter Rafe, with a forked arrow through his head.*

*Rafe.* When I was mortall, this my coltive corps  
Did lap up Figs and Raisons in the Strand,  
Where sitting I espi'd a lovely Dame,  
Whose Master wrought with Lingell and with All,  
And under ground he vampied many a Boot,  
Straight did her love prick forth me, tender sprig,  
To follow feats of Arms in warlike wise,  
Through *Waltham* Desert, where I did performe  
Many atchievements, and did lay on ground  
Huge *Barbaroso* that insulting Giant,  
And all his Captives soon set at libertie.  
Then honour prickt me from my native soile,  
Into *Moldavia*, where I gaine the love  
Of *Pompiana* his beloved daughter:  
But yet prov'd constant to the black thum'd maid  
*Susan*, and scorn'd *Pompiannes* love:  
Yet liberall I was, and gave her pins,  
And monie for her fathers Officers,  
I then returned home, and thrust my selfe  
In action, and by all means chosen was  
The Lord of May, where I did flourish it,  
With Skarfs, and Rings, and Poetrie in my hand,  
After this action I preferred was,  
And chosen Citie Captain at Mile-end,  
With Hat and Feather, and with leading staffe,  
And train'd my men, and brought them all off cleer,  
Save one man that beraid him with the noise.  
But all these things *I Rafe* did undertake,  
Onely for my beloved *Susans* sake.  
Then comming home, and sitting in my shop  
With Apron blew, Death came unto my stall  
To cheapeen *Aquaviva*, but ere I  
Could take the bottle down, and fill a taste,



*The Knight of the burning Pestle.*

Death came and caught a pound of Pepper in his hand,  
And sprinkled all my face and body o're,  
And in an instant vanished away.

*Cir.* 'Tis a pretty fiction i' faith.

*Rafe.* Then took I up my Bow and Shaft in hand,  
And walkt in *Moor-fields*, to coole my selfe,  
But there grim cruell death met me again,  
And shot this forked Arrow through my head,  
And now I faint, therefore be warn'd by me,  
My fellows every one of forked heads.  
Farewell all you good boyes in merrie *London*,  
Ne're shall we more upon Shrovetuesday meet,  
And pluck down houses of iniquitie.  
My pain increaseth, I shall never more  
Hold open, whilst another pumps both legs,  
Nor daube a Satten gown with rotten Eggs:  
Set up a Stake, O never more I shall,  
I die, flie, flie my soule to Grocers Hall. *oh, oh, oh, &c.*

*Wife.* Well said *Rafe*, do your obeysance to the Gentlemen and  
go your ways, well said *Rafe*.

*Exit Rafe.*

*Old mer.* Me thinks all wee, thus kindly and unexpectedly re-  
conciled should not part without a Song.

*Merch.* A good motion.

*Old mer.* Strike up then.

*Song.*

Better Musick ne're was known,  
Then a quire of hearts in one.  
Let each other that hath been,  
Troubled with the gall or spleen,  
Learn of us to keep his brow  
Smooth and plain as ours are now.  
Sing though before the houre of dying,  
He shall rise and then be crying,  
Hey ho, 'tis nought but mirth,  
That keeps the bodie from the earth,

*Excunt Omnes.*

*Epilogus*



*The Knight of the burning Pestle.*

*Epilogus.*

*Cit.* Come *Nel*, shall we go, the Plays done?

*Wife.* Nay, by my faith *George*, I have more manners then so, i'll speake to these Gentlemen first: I thanke you all Gentlemen, for your patience and countenance to *Rafe*, a poore fatherlesse childe, and if I may see you at my house, it should go hard, but I would have a pottle of wine and a pipe of Tobacco for you. for truly I hope you like the youth, but I would be glad to know the truth: I referre it to your owne discretions, whether you will applaud him or no, for I will winke, and whilst you shall doe what you will, I thank you with all my heart, God give you good night; come *George*.

FINIS.

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Give Me, shall we say, the three dollars  
which I have by my little shop. I have some money in hand,  
I have some more in the bank; I thank you all for the money,  
for your patience and countenance to me, a poor fatherless  
child, and if I may say so, my house, it should go hard but I  
would have a bottle of wine and a pipe of tobacco for you this  
evening, I hope you like the youth, but I would be glad to know the  
truth: I relate it to your own discretion, whether you will  
allow him or no, for I will wake, and whilst you shall do  
me wrong, I thank you with all my heart, God give you good  
night; come to bed.

FINIS









